

Go to one of Messrs. W. H. SMITH and SONS' Bookstalls TO-DAY and buy a "Daily Mirror" Fountain Pen, 2/6.

1½d.

# Daily Mirror

A Genuine  
Camera  
for 3/9.

See page 13.

No. 219.

Registered at the G. P. O.  
as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

## IS FLORENCE MAYBRICK GUILTY?

**How the Tragedy of Ship-  
wrecked Lives Began—Love  
at First Sight—Courtship  
and Marriage—Ro-  
mance of an Ocean  
Voyage.**

Did Florence Maybrick poison her husband?

On May 14, 1889, she was taken into custody on suspicion of having caused his death by administering arsenic.

On August 7 in the same year she was sentenced to death by Mr. Justice Stephen after a protracted trial, in which the medical witnesses gave evidence of the most conflicting character.

Those who appeared for the prosecution declared that James Maybrick had died from an irritant poison, which they diagnosed as arsenic.

Those who appeared for the defence maintained, on the other hand, that the symptoms from which Mr. Maybrick suffered were consistent with any form of acute dyspepsia, and actually pointed away from arsenic.

It was felt even by those who believed strongly in Mrs. Maybrick's guilt that the circumstantial evidence which convinced the jury that she had administered arsenic to her husband was both insufficient and unsatisfactory.

### A REASONABLE DOUBT.

Mr. Addison, Q.C., who was leading counsel for the prosecution, did not think that the jury could bring in a verdict of guilty in face of the conflicting medical evidence.

Immediately after the verdict Mrs. Maybrick's counsel, Sir Charles Russell (afterwards Lord Russell of Killowen and Chief Justice of England), wrote to the Home Secretary, Mr. Henry Matthews, Q.C., complaining in indignant terms of Mr. Justice Stephen's summing-up, which had lasted for two whole days.

On August 23, 1889, the Home Secretary advised her Majesty, Queen Victoria, to respite the capital sentence and to commute the punishment to penal servitude for life on the ground that, though he believed in the prisoner's guilt, "the evidence did not wholly exclude a reasonable doubt whether Mr. Maybrick's death was in fact caused by the administration of arsenic." This step was taken after Mr. Matthews had obtained the highest legal and medical advice, including that of the experts who had given evidence at the trial and of the Judge who presided.

### LORD RUSSELL'S EFFORTS.

A mere respite, however, did not satisfy Sir Charles Russell who was thoroughly convinced that a grave miscarriage of justice had been committed, and never lost an opportunity of endeavouring to secure a revision of the sentence passed on a client in whose innocence he believed entirely.

He addressed memoranda on the subject to every Home Secretary who succeeded Mr. Matthews—Mr. Asquith, Sir Mathew White-Ridley, and Mr. Akers-Douglas. Even after he had become Chief Justice he wrote, "I now say that if called upon to advise in my character of Head of the Judicature of this country, I should advise that Florence Maybrick ought to be allowed to go free."

In spite of the intensity of his conviction, Lord Russell spoke of the "bristling difficulties which surrounded this case," a sentence which proves that he did not come to believe in Mrs. Maybrick's innocence before he had weighed and valued every scrap of evidence on which he could lay his hands, thereby setting an excellent example.



(Continued on page 12.)

This is the last portrait of Mrs. Maybrick, taken before she stood her trial in 1889.—(Photograph by Meddington, Liverpool.)



## BIRTHS.

**MOSTYN**.—On the 14th inst., at Hanton Hall, Staffordshire, the wife of George Mostyn, of a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

**GREEN-GREEN**.—On the 14th inst., at the German Church, Denmark-hill, J. T. Green, to Alice, daughter of Mrs. Ernest Green, of 12, De Crespigny-park, Denmark-hill, S.E.

**ROBERTS-SPOR**.—On July 14, at Holy Trinity Church, West-hill, East Putney, by the Rev. William Reed, M.A., Vicar of Wandsworth, Bertram Douglas, eldest son of Henry Roberts, of Deanshurst, Northamptonshire, to Florence Ayley, daughter of James Lockhart Spor, of Portcarrington House, Putney, S.W.

## DEATHS.

**EAMES**.—On Thursday, July 14, 1904, at Compton, near Winchester, Mary Jane, wife of Edward Eames, aged 54 years. Buried at Ickford, Hants, July 15.

**FREELAND**.—On July 14, 1904, at the residence of his son, Balmain, Spottiswood, Kent, John Baker Freeland, M.R.C.S.Eng., of Parham, Antigua, West Indies.

## PERSONAL.

**HAM** is begged to come or write to Worthing.—N. H. T.—Please write, free, alone till 20th. Good one.—OH, SUSAN.

**BERTIE**—Wish to see you this week, if possible; important.—SCOT.

**READ** White waited 7.15; second seat left; with book same time. Please, Mr. John, at 3.30.

**TEN SHILLINGS REWARD**.—Lost, July 13, in Hyde-park, between Upper Brook-street and St. James's Park, a small Green Leather Case, containing miniature portrait of a lady. Whoever will bring same to Mrs. Harlow, 25, Portman-square, W., will receive above reward.

**METROPOLITAN POLICE**.—Found, in the West End (during last night), a small black bag, containing a small leather case, containing a miniature portrait of a lady. Whoever will bring same to Mrs. Harlow, 25, Portman-square, W., will receive above reward.

**LOST**, a Grey Parrot, on July 12. Anyone bringing the same to Farm House, Portman-square, W., will be rewarded.

**SAFETY MIRROR** can hold Patent for sale.—Cottage, 381, New King's-road.

\* The above advertisements (which are accepted up to 5 p.m. for the next day's issue) are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d., and 200 words for 10s. 6d. Any copy can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Terms of advertisement in Personal Column, eight words for 4s., and 200 words for 10s. 6d. Address Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 2, Carmelite-street, London.

## PUBLIC NOTICE.

**AN AFTERNOON IN A "GARDEN CITY."**  
Costing Little. Easily accessible. Lovely Country Scenery. And among "God's Little Children." THIS DAY (Saturday), July 17, 1904 (D.V.), at the GIRLS' VILLAGE HOMES, BARKING, ESSEX.  
Open from 11 a.m. to 8 p.m.  
Being the 28th ANNUAL MEETING OF THE FOUNDATION DAY OF THE NATIONAL WAIFS ASSOCIATION.  
LORD BRASSEY, M.P., will be present at 3.30 p.m. The President will be accompanied by LADY BRASSEY and supported by a number of ladies. The BISHOP OF ST. ALBANS, D.D.; Lady JEUNE, His Excellency the HAMBURG LEGATION, HON. HENRY BLENKINSOP, LORD LEVINGE, FRANK RICE, LORDS BROMFIELD, GORE, VICE-ROE, the DEAN OF NORWICH, D.D.; Hon. JOHN E. GORDON, M.P.; FRANCIS RICE, M.P.; Hon. J. R. GEORGE HANSON, D.D.; Captain RICHARD RIGG, M.P.; WILLIAM McCALL, Esq.; HUGH CRAWFORD SMITH, Esq., M.P.; Colonel MARTIN PROBERT, Esq.; CANON FLEMING, D.D.; LOUIS SINCLAIR, Esq., M.P.; ELIOT HOWARD, Esq., J.P.; WILLIAM FAY, Esq., M.P.; HENRY BERRY, Colonel WELLESLEY ROBINSON, C.B.; LADY LANGRISH, PERWICK, Esq.; HENRY BERRY, Esq.; THEODORE HOWARD, Esq.; ARTHUR W. BALDANCE, Esq.; and HAMILTON A. HANCOCK, Esq.  
H.R.H. PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG has graciously promised to be present, and to RECEIVE VISITORS, to include several new buildings, and to present PRIZES to the Older Girls now in Service.  
REFRESHMENTS—An excellent Cold Meat Luncheon can be obtained (2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d.) on the grounds at any hour from 12 noon until 5 p.m. Tea (3d.) available all day long, also free and Mineral Water.  
Admission—ONE SHILLING. CHILDREN (under 12) SIXPENCE.  
GEORGE COOKE, Honorary Secretary.  
HEAD OFFICES OF NATIONAL INCORPORATED WAIFS ASSOCIATION (Dr. BARNARD'S HOUSE), 18 to 20, Piccadilly-cumway, London, E.

## SHIPPING, TOURS, Etc.

**NORWAY, SWEDEN, AND RUSSIA.**  
WILSON LINE. First-class RUSSIAN MAIL and PASSENGER STEAMERS.  
Saloons and Sleeping Accommodation amply.  
ELEVATOR DEPARTURE WEEKLY.  
SPECIAL HOLIDAY TOURS FROM LONDON AND HULL.  
10 days, 51 guineas; 17 days, 41s. 6d.  
Apply to THOS. WILSON, SONS, and CO., Ltd., Hull; Gellatly and Co., 51, Pall Mall; Cooks, Ladgate-circus; or Hull and Co., 1, East India-street, London, E.

## AMUSEMENTS.

**HAYMARKET. TO-NIGHT AT 9.**  
Preluded at 8.15 by THE WIDOW WOODS.  
LAST NIGHTS OF THE SEASON.  
**IMPERIAL THEATRE.** Mr. LEWIS WALLER.  
TO-NIGHT AT 8 AND EVERY EVENING, AT 9.  
LAST 2 MATINEES TO-NIGHT AND WEDNESDAY NEXT, 3.15.  
MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER.  
Preluded at 8.15 by THE PASSWORD.  
**SHAFESBURY.**  
TO-NIGHT AT 8.15. EVERY EVENING AT 8.15.  
Mr. Henry W. Savage's American Co. in THE PRINCE OF PLEASANT.  
MATINEE TO-NIGHT AND EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AT 2.15.  
Box office 10 to 10.10.  
**THE OXFORD. — HAKENSCHEIDT** (at 10.55). LONEY HASKELL, the famous American Monologist; VESTA HILLEY, Geo. Mozart, Clark and Hamilton, Vesta Victoria, 5 Dole-ines, Fun Fun and Co. Sisters Devons, and other stars. Open 7.40. Box Office open 11 to 5. SATURDAY MATINEE 2.30. Manager, Mr. ALBERT GILMER.  
**CRYSTAL PALACE. TO-DAY.**  
GREAT SPORTS EXHIBITION.  
National Temperance Choral Union. Preluded at 4.0 and 7.30. ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD.  
Sir Hiram Maxim's Colours Flying Machine.  
Band of H.M. Coldstream Guards, C.P. Military Band, Water Chute, Rapid, Trip-Terray Railway, etc. etc. at 7.30.  
FIREWORKS at 9.15. By MESSRS. C. T. BROCK and CO. (Colonial Fire Picture of the Burned Palace).  
Table of hot Lunches and Dinners in the new Dining Rooms overlooking the grounds. Messrs. J. Kipps and Co., Ltd., Caterers by Appointment.  
**THE CHARIOT CROSS BARN.** Est. 1870.  
119 and 120, Bishopsgate-street, within E.C. 4, London, and 23, Bedford-square, London, W.1.  
Assets, £597,780. Liabilities, £287,460. Surplus, £310,320. 21 per cent. allowed on current account balances. Deposits of £10 or upwards received at 4 per cent. Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per annum.  
Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly. The Terminal Deposit Bonds pay nearly nine per cent., and are a safe investment. Write or call for prospectus, and A. WILLIAMS and J. TALL, Joint Managers.

## TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

Our special weather forecast for the week-end is: Freshening south-westerly and westerly winds; some rain in the western and northern districts, then fair generally; temperature falling for a time.

Lighting-up time: 9.9 p.m. Sunday: 9.8 p.m.

Sea passages will be moderate generally.

With the view of putting *Mirror*-readers in a position to decide whether Mrs. Maybrick is innocent or not we begin to-day the publication of a complete history of the case.—(Pages 1 and 12)

## THE WAR.

There is no definite news from the seat of war, although the Japanese concentration in Manchuria is being hurried forward in the hope of decisive successes being won before the rainy season sets in.—(Page 3)

## GENERAL.

Hearst to £10,000,000. Miss Pauline Astor, only daughter of Mr. William Waldorf Astor, is engaged to be married to Captain H. Spender Clay, of the 2nd Life Guards.—(Pages 4 and 8)

It was the hottest day of the year yesterday, the maximum solar temperature being 129. A fine week-end is predicted.—(Page 3)

In search of work, Mark All, aged seventy-six, has walked 33,000 miles. He called at the *Mirror* office and told a pathetic story.—(Pages 4 and 8)

Ex-President Kruger is to be buried in the Transvaal by his wife's side.—(Page 3)

English farmers expect the increased price of beef, caused by the American meat trust strike, will benefit them.—(Page 4)

To ensure the birth of a son the Tsarina has accepted a magic amulet from a priest, who claims to be able to determine the sex of children.—(Page 4)

There is no block in the work of the Law Courts, according to the Lord Chief Justice.—(Page 5)

Over 2,000 men are sleeping under canvas at Bisle. A team from H.M.S. Excellent won the Brimshead competition.—(Page 4)

Damage amounting to over £1,000 was caused by a collision in Dover Harbour between the racing yachts *Navahoe* and *Ingomar*.—(Page 4)

Liverpool was yesterday invaded by 9,000 beer-drinkers from Bass's brewery at Burton.—(Page 5)

As a result of the first canvass of the West Shropshire division, both sides are confident of success.—(Page 5)

## LAW AND CRIME.

Having got through a fortune of £37,000, Mr. John Nixon Gray, a young Cardiff man, is asking that transactions between himself and Mr. John, a hotel proprietor, with whom he entered into partnership, be cancelled, or that he be given £50,000 damages for being made a "pigeon".—(Page 5)

Early yesterday morning Mrs. Emily Raymond, of 29, Gabriel-street, Honor Oak Park, S.E., after attempting to murder her husband in his sleep, committed suicide.—(Page 5)

As legislation on the subject is pending, the music-hall sketch war was ended by the withdrawal of the summonses at Marlborough-street against Mr. George Edwards and his co-directors of the Empire.—(Page 5)

Three girls who originally identified Adolph Beck as the man who had swindled them, at Bow-street, singled out of ten men Beck's "double" William Thomas, as the guilty person. Thomas was remanded.—(Page 4)

## SPORT.

The King drove to Sandown from Buckingham Palace by motor-car and witnessed the Eclipse Stakes, won by the Duke of Portland's Darley Dale.—(Page 14)

The South Africans outplayed an England eleven at Lord's. In the first innings England was 185 in arrears. The Colonials in their second innings made a total of 176 for eight wickets. Lancashire beat Derbyshire by an innings and 129 runs.—(Page 15)

## FINANCE.

Stock markets were irregular. In Consols there was little done, and the quotation was lower. Home Rails were moderately cheerful. Lower-priced American descriptions were supported. In Foreigners, Japs were good. The Chicago strike affected Meat shares. Kaffirs and West Africans were a little firmer, but Westralians duller.—(Page 6)

## Small Advertisements

are received at the offices of the "Daily Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond-street, W., and 2, Carmelite Street, E.C., between the hours of 10 and 5 (Saturdays, 10 to 2), for insertion in the issue of the following day, at the rate of 12 words 1s. (1d. each word afterwards). Advertisements, if sent by post, must be accompanied by postal orders crossed BARCLAY and CO. (stamps will not be accepted).

"Daily Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Mirror" Offices, a box department having been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, sufficient stamps to cover postage must be sent with the advertisement.

## SITUATIONS WANTED.

ENGLISH Governess requires holiday engagement; August-September; no salary—Chausee, Vilegrat 188, Brussels.

GENERAL (strong, country); disengaged; excellent ref.; £12-8, Esher-road, New Ferry, Cheshire.

## SITUATIONS VACANT.

## Domestic.

COOK (good) wanted; wages £20-22. Apply Mrs. F. Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

GENERAL Assistant (good) wanted for the suburbs; wages £24-25. Apply H. The Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

## Miscellaneous.

A Good Agent Wanted.—Anyone with spare time may secure a good and independent position. No risks or outlay.—Address: "The Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.

SEVERAL Lady Fashion Artists wanted; temporary position, with an opportunity of becoming permanent. Apply with specimens, which must be original and of good quality, to H. E. Morgan, Spottiswood and Co., Ltd., New-street, E.C.

## HOUSES AND PROPERTIES.

## Auctions.

CANVEY ON SEA, ESSEX.  
Specially situated at the foot of the Thames, and also embracing a magnificent view of the Kentish coast and Essex hills.

M. K. F. W. B. HESTER will SELL by AUCTION, in the Sale Room at the Shell Beach, on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and THURSDAY, July 19, 20, and 21, at 2 p.m., 55 PLOTS of FREEHOLD BUILDING LAND, including some splendid SITES for an HOTEL and RESTAURANT, two main ROAD FRONT PLOTS. All the above are ripe for immediate developments; 10 per cent. deposit gives immediate possession; free deeds; easy monthly payments; free railway tickets to view. Tickets to be obtained from Clerk at No. 4 Platform, Fenchurch-station, each morning of sale at 10.30. For Plans and further particulars, apply Auctioneer, 145, Fenchurch-street, E.C.

## Houses, Offices, Etc., to Let.

EACH Quarter's Rent paid by you may be made a step towards ownership. If this seems desirable to you, a P.P. for particulars, apply to Messrs. W. & A. G. 72, Bishopsgate Without, London, E.C. Mention *Daily Mirror*.

NEWQUAY.—Furnished house; 5 bedrooms; 3 guineas per week.—Miss Oliver, Newquay.

## Land, Houses, Etc., for Sale.

FOR SALE, within 5 minutes of Turnham Green Station, well-built, spacious Villa, bath and every convenience; price only £275.—Apply Watts, Estate Office, South-mole, Bedford Park, W.

PUTNEY (within 5 minutes' river, rail, bus), 4 excellent houses, let on agreements producing £132; owner must sell.—Sunders, 48, Sandhurst, Clapham.

## HOLIDAY APARTMENTS TO LET AND WANTED.

APARTMENTS, with or without board; near station and boats; terms moderate.—Watts, Tyrolean-sq., Clapham, Great Yarmouth.

BOARD-RESIDENCE, sea front; 21s. 2s. inclusive.—Mrs. Anderson, 14, Pelham-cres., Hastings.

BRIGHTON.—Johannesburg Boarding Establishment, Grand-parade; moderate charges; thoroughly comfortable and homelike.

FOLKESFONE.—Furnished apartments; 3 minutes from sea and 10s.—44, Gendishall.

FOLKESFONE.—Paying guests received; central; near park, sea, shops.—19,bourne-mouth-rd.

GREAT YARMOUTH.—Gerrishall Hotel for gentlemen; moderate terms; liberal table.—Powell, Proprietor.

ISLE OF WIGHT (Niton).—Beautifully situated rooms, facing sea; all required.—Scotchman, Channel View.

LOWESTOFT (South).—The "Myrtle" and Neuchatel Hotel Boarding Establishments; moderate terms; thoroughly comfortable, homelike.—Mrs. William.

ROOMS for holidays in pretty part.—Address L. 14, R. Mabel, Woking.

SOUTHEAST.—Superior Apartments; attendance; good cooking; great comfort. See—71, Norfolk-av.

## BOARD RESIDENCE &amp; APARTMENTS.

TO MILLINERS.—To let, two large, light, and airy unfurnished rooms; newly decorated; over Dress Agency; fashionable neighbour. 42-44, Elizabeth-st., Ealing.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

ANY "Flat Foot" cured; booklet free.—"Le Pel," Boot-maker, 76, Abchurch-lane, London, E.C.

ARE YOUR SHIRTS ALD COLLARS WELL DRESSED? If not, post them to Thompson's Model Laundry, Marine-road, Southampton.

ASTHMA CURED by Zemstone.—Write for free trial box to Cornford, 4, Lloyd-sq., London.

INCREASE your income; sample and particulars 7d. post free.—Glennier Co., Gloucester, Gloucester.

NERVOUSNESS, Mental Exhaustion, Irritability, Blushing, Anxiety, General Lassitude, Heart Troubles cured by increasing home treatment.—Full particulars, testimonials, etc., post free two stamps. Health Remedy Company, 1, Wood-lane, Huddersfield.

OLD Artificial Teeth bought; call or forward by post; full value per pair; or offer made.—Messrs. M. S. Owen, Manufacturing Dentists, 155, Oxford-st., London (Estab. 100 years).

SIX times too much coal burned.—Write Sugar House Mills Company, Glasgow.

STAGE.—Haymarket Dramatic Studio; special vacancies for refined amateur ladies and gentlemen; interviews before 7.15.—F. H. Hayman, Hayman-st., London.

TATTOOING.—Works of Art beautifully executed; painless antiseptic treatment; speciality in colouring cheeks for pale complexion.—Prof. Burnett, 38, Waterloo-st.

## FOUNTAIN PEN

is an invaluable necessity. Ready for use at any moment, in the office, at home, or for holiday correspondence. The "Daily Mirror" is now being advertised by the sale of a high-class Fountain Pen at

## HALF-A-CROWN.

It is fitted with twin-feed, finest vulcanite holders, exquisitely chased, with two neatly engraved bands. Each Pen is packed in a box with glass and rubber filler and instructions.

Also on Sale at Every Bookstall of MESSRS. W. H. SMITH & SONS.

The "DAILY MIRROR" FOUNTAIN PEN in 3 sizes of Pen Nibs, FINE, MEDIUM, BROAD. State Plainly on Coupon which style you prefer.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON, fill in, and post to PEN DEPARTMENT, The "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.

I enclose P.O. for 2s. 7½d., for which please send "D.M." Fountain Pen to

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

N.B.....

SEND SIXPENCE MORE and we will also send you a PEN POCKET CASE. You may purchase the pen at the West End Office for Small Advertisements of the "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond Street, W.



## SCORCHING

## ST. SWITHIN.

Yesterday Was Quite the  
Hottest This Year.

129 IN THE SUN.

Exceptional Weather Predicted  
for the Week-end.

MAXIMUM TEMPERATURE YESTERDAY.	
Sun.	Shade.
129deg.	86deg.

To-day's Forecast: Fine and warm, with southerly breezes. Exceptional heat inland and thunderstorms of a local nature.

"Rain on St. Swithin's Day,  
Rain for forty days, they say."

If the converse of this ancient saw hold good, we may expect an interesting time during the next six weeks.

For yesterday was St. Swithin's Day, and the previous highest temperatures for the year, both shade and solar, were overtopped.

Yesterday was also the anniversary of the hottest day experienced in London during the last half century. On July 15, 1881, a record temperature of 97 in the shade was established.

## SPLENDID WEEK-END PROSPECT.

It will be seen that a continuance of the heat is predicted for the S. and S.E. of England. The probability of another blazing week-end is an obvious one, and London has not been slow in grasping it.

The week-end exodus began by yesterday's afternoon and evening trains, and full advantage was taken of the varied choice of holiday resorts within easy reach of London. This morning sees many business concerns in charge of temporary "heads."

The return of the real, old-fashioned English summer has startled London's mankind into some strange freaks of costume. The American shirt-waist we were prepared for, but whence came the idea of the ingenious gentleman who appeared in the Strand with openwork seams to his trousers an inch wide?

The coolest-looking crowd for the day was easily to be found. It could be seen on Waterloo Station soon after midday, bound for the races at Sandown Park.

Loose, easy-fitting clothes, negligible collars, and mushroom hats were general, for the professional racing man knows the value of comfort, and means to have it at all hazards. With him "money is no objection," as the intelligent foreigner observed.

## VICTIM OF THE BUSBY.

It was a task equally easy to find the hottest-looking man of the day. He was on sentry-go in front of a public building, clad in a red jacket, black trousers, new, creaking boots, and a bearskin busby. He carried a rifle, and his face wore the unperturbed look by which Atkins signifies that he is on duty.

When relieved, however, he confided to a *Mirror* reporter that his duty-face was no index to his real feelings.

"Clothes as hot as they look? I tell you, sir, they can't look as hot as they are."

"I'd like you to have just half an hour in the sun under that busby hat. You'd know it was St. Swithin's Day, at a mistake."

"It's all in the day's work, but I'm sorry for the poor chap who's out there now. And 'in a teatotaler, too.'"

It is not surprising to learn that the City Police are agitating for some headgear that affords more protection than the regulation helmet. The men on duty on exposed points have suffered greatly, and a straw substitute is suggested.

Perhaps the coolest place in the whole city is the Northern Tube, which is ventilated by a steady flow of air from the open cutting beyond Highbury. A *Mirror* representative yesterday spent a cool twenty minutes there with a thermometer, and found the temperature more than twenty degrees less than that of the pavement above.

## AMBULANCES HARD WORKED.

For London has now got thoroughly heated. From its baking brick walls and glowing pavements it radiates a heat that is startling in the suddenness of its effect. All day yesterday the ambulances were in requisition for victims of the sun-power, and the number of women who fainted in such places as police courts, omnibuses, and underground railways was exceedingly large.

There is no diminution in the number of suicides that are daily reported. Among yesterday's cases may be mentioned:—

Harry Pleasants, a Camberwell horsekeeper, who took carbolic acid and died in the Upper Tooting-road. His son could give no reason for the suicide, "unless the excessively hot weather had affected father's brain."

James Faddy, a Chiswick engineer, who returned home last Tuesday complaining of feeling faint. A doctor was sent for, and on his arrival Faddy

announced that he was about to blow out his brains.

Before the doctor could stop him he produced a revolver, and after firing one shot at the doctor, which fortunately missed its mark, he put the weapon to his forehead and blew out his brains.

## LEAPT FROM A PARAPET.

A young woman, who jumped over the parapet in Rosebery-avenue, Clerkenwell, and was killed on the spot.

James Dighton, a Brixton licensed victualler, who attempted to cut his throat last Friday.

Among the victims of the heat wave are numbered:—

Elizabeth Kaye, sixty-five, a domestic servant, of Lee.

James Hobbs, fifteen, an inmate of the East London Industrial School, Lewisham.

Emily Shury, thirty-five, wife of a stationer's manager, in Gray's Inn-road.

Edward Dodwell, a Cheltenham tailor, who fell dead while at work in his shop.

A man named Thompson, who fell dead while walking down Arlington-street, Bootle.

## GIANT BEANFEAST.

Liverpool Invaded by 9,000 Minions  
of Bass.

Yesterday morning there was quite an invasion of Liverpool and New Brighton by the employees of the great Burton Bass, nearly 9,000 of whom enjoyed their annual excursion.

They came by seventeen Midland trains, which practically monopolised that system for two hours and forty minutes. The bulk of them went to New Brighton, where they spent an enjoyable and exhilarating day in the gardens and on the beautiful sea beach.

Many others visited Eastham or made a survey of the six and a half miles of docks. The arrangements were admirably carried out, and not only were tickets plentiful which proved the "open sesame" to all the places of amusement, the railways, and the ferry-boats, but two steamers were chartered for trips to Llandudno and the Isle of Man.

The total cost of the excursion must have been not less than £15,000.

## OUTDOOR TEAS.

Continental System Worthy of  
Imitation in London.

Tea in the open air during the present heat wave is so pleasant that it is gratifying to discover that the L.C.C. is granting facilities for imitation of the Continental style.

In fourteen of the public parks under the Council's rule refreshments may now be had in the open air. With the exception, however, of Victoria Gardens, on the Embankment, all these are in the suburbs, and the hope is expressed by over-heated City men that facilities for outdoor refreshments will be extended to Lincoln's Inn Fields, and other open spaces near the centre of the City.

## LORD CURZON "QUITE AN INVALID."

At a meeting of the British Empire League, held at the Mansion House yesterday, a letter was read from Lord Curzon, apologising for his absence.

His lordship said that he would have accepted the invitation to be present, but he was grieved to say he was quite an invalid, and only emerged from bed for such functions as he was obliged to undertake.

## FRENCH MOTORIST SENT TO PRISON.

Mr. Justice Darling, at Guildford Assizes, yesterday passed sentence of six months' hard labour on Emile Richard, a motor-car driver, who was found guilty of the manslaughter of Frederick Job at Binstead last April.

Richard was driving a car at from twenty-five to thirty miles an hour, and in order to pass a motor cycle he so swerved that he crashed into the Job, who with his cycle was hurled into the air. The injured man died in Sutton Cottage Hospital four days' later.

## FISCAL "IMPEACHMENT."

Mr. Chamberlain is to be "impeached" for his speeches on the fiscal question, notably the great effort at the Albert Hall, which has apparently quite annoyed the Opposition.

It is officially announced that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman will ask Mr. Balfour on Monday next to fix a day for discussing what practically amounts to a vote of censure.

## COLLISION AT FIFTY MILES AN HOUR.

While practising on a motor-cycle for the racing at New Brighton Tower yesterday Mr. Joseph Edge left the track while travelling at over fifty miles an hour, and crashed into the railings. Mr. Edge was badly injured about the head and arms, and was removed to the hospital. He is expected to recover.

## IS THE TSAR ILL?

Rumour That He Is Suffering from  
Dysentery—Port Arthur's Fate.

The most remarkable feature in the Far Eastern news this morning is a Reuter telegram from Peking stating that there is a rumour there that the Tsar is seriously ill with dysentery. There is no confirmation from other sources.

There is little definite from the seat of war, but the Japanese are rapidly advancing so as to achieve more decisive successes before the rainy season sets in.

A Tokio message says the fall of the fortress is considered only a question of days.

The occupation of Yingkow, the port of Newchwang, by the Japanese is confirmed from St. Petersburg, and, as many Japanese transports have been sent off the port, a further landing is expected. Various views are being given on the reported Japanese loss of 30,000 men on the 10th inst. One message from St. Petersburg says it is "certainly false," while another says it contains a basis of truth, as the Japanese losses were enormous. The Russian casualties were 1,000.

## BRITISH STEAMER HELD UP.

PERIM, Friday.

The British steamer *Dragoman*, from Batoum to China, this afternoon signalled: "Report to owner that we have been delayed by a Russian cruiser in the Red Sea."—Reuter.

## "BAG" OF GEISHAS.

Pretty Captives Rouse General  
Admiration in Siberia.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

MOSCOW, Thursday.

The "Siberian Trade Gazette" describes the arrival at Baikal Station of 419 Japanese prisoners of war, among whom were thirty Geishas.

"The party," says another correspondent, "arrived in ordinary convict carriages under the guard of 115 soldiers, who were needed less to prevent the prisoners escaping than to protect the fair geishas from the too amorous advances of their Russian admirers."

"These pretty cherry-blossoms seemed frightened and perturbed at the aspect of our inhospitable Siberia, and some shed tears. Pretty, painted, frail, dressed in rainbow garments, they collected vast crowds of military at every station, and some smiled graciously through their tears."

## PREMIER ON "CONSCIENCES."

Mr. Balfour, during the discussion on the second reading, in the House of Commons yesterday, of the bill brought forward by Sir W. Anson to deal with those Welsh councils which refused to administer the Education Act of 1902, commented on the attitude of the conscientious objector.

It was merely an absurdity, he said, to draw "a line at a particular place and say, 'I have a conscientious objection, and that is a reason why I should break the law.' The way to deal with conscientious objections was not to break the law, but to alter the law."

The second reading of the Bill was carried.

## REV. R. J. CAMPBELL'S GOODS SOLD.

Goods belonging to Enfield peace resisters were sold yesterday by auction at Tottenham.

The most notable item was a silver lamp belonging to the Rev. R. J. Campbell, pastor of the City Temple, which was knocked down for £32s. 2d., the amount of the rates due.

The sale proceeded quietly, and the auctioneer was thanked for his courtesy.

## ROYAL INVALID DOING WELL.

Our Windsor correspondent telegraphs that Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein is making excellent progress towards recovery after her operation. Last night it was stated that her Highness was going on extremely well.

## P. AND O. LINER ON FIRE.

Fate has been unkind to the P. and O. liner *Austral*. Four weeks ago she struck on the Coromandel Reef, off Hoboken's Bay, and now she is reported from Melbourne to be on fire.

Forty-nine passengers who were on board were taken off in a tug to Sydney. The mails were landed at Adelaide.

## INCREASED WAGES IN THE POST OFFICE.

The report of the Committee appointed by Mr. Austen Chamberlain, when Postmaster-General, to inquire into the wages of certain classes of Post Office servants, was laid upon the table of the House of Commons yesterday.

The recommendations raise the status of counter clerks to "Post Office assistants," and give large increases in salary.

## HONOURING THE DEAD

Mr. Kruger To Be Buried  
By His Wife's Side.

## QUESTION OF NAVAL ESCORT.

With characteristic courtesy and magnanimity the British Government has promptly agreed to gratify the wish of the late Mr. Kruger and his surviving burghers by permitting his body to be taken to Pretoria for interment beside the remains of his wife, Tante Sanna.

A *Mirror* representative learned that a telegram to this effect was yesterday sent from the Colonial Office to the leaders among the Boer people in the Transvaal, who had petitioned the Government for this honour to the memory of the last of the Boer Presidents.

It was stated in authoritative quarters that Mr. Chamberlain's opinion had been taken, and the ex-Colonial Secretary's response was one of ready and hearty approval of the proposal.

In their message to the Colonial Office, the Boer leaders suggested that the ex-President's body should be brought back to South Africa on a British warship. This they designated an "act of grace," and between the lines of their message could be read the inference that by thus burying Mr. Kruger with naval, to be followed by military honours, at the graveside, a deep and lasting impression would be made upon the hearts of the Dutch population, who never forget the kindness of the living to their dead.

## "LET BYGONES BE BYGONES."

In the Parliamentary lobbies yesterday Little Englanders and Imperialists found common ground of agreement. Tacitly letting bygones be bygones, politicians of all grades and shades of opinion warmly favoured the fulfilling of the dead ex-President's wish.

Nobody spoke an unkind or a critical word of the dead veteran. They only recalled his many and sterling qualities—his patriotism, his statescraft, his courage, and his unflinching independence.

"These," remarked a Labour leader—"these are the cardinal virtues of the British constitution. Kruger only fell where a demi-god could not have stood."

Though the question of removing Kruger's remains on a battleship, with British sailors as his last guard of honour, has not yet been decided, it is considered probable that something of this kind will be done.

Possibly the Government will offer to bear the entire expense of Kruger's burial, though that is a delicate proposal to make to the high-spirited Boers.

The whole attitude of the Government may be summed up as that of a victorious nation paying reverent homage to the memory of a brave though vanquished foe.

When Napoleon died in exile he was a British prisoner, and the Government of that day allowed the French people to bury their great, though fallen, emperor. The case of Kruger is, of course, not quite analogous. He was not a prisoner, and his republic has not survived him.

## "HUMANITY IN MOURNING."

The Continental Press gives a free expression of opinion regarding Kruger's death and England's position. There is a general view that Kruger should be buried in South Africa.

"The English will confer honour on themselves if they accede to this wish," says the *Paris "Matin."*

The "Journal" remarks that the death of the Boer hero sends humanity into mourning; the "Figaro" pays Kruger the tribute of being a ruler who was the friend of all his countrymen; and the "Kappel" observes that Mr. Kruger gave the world a fine example of stoicism.

At Pretoria all flags are flying half-mast, and a Reuter's message from Clarendon states that the remains of Mr. Kruger were embalmed last night.

## THE ADVANCE ON LHASSA.

GYANGTSE, Friday.

The British expedition has arrived at Khotang. The weather is very inclement, and heavy rain fell during the march. Chinese postal runners report that snow is falling on Karakoram.

Mounted infantry patrols state that Gobsijong is not occupied.—Reuter's Special Service.

## STEAMER RACING.

James Freeman, of 71, Catlin-street, Bermondsey, was summoned yesterday by the Thames Conservancy at Woolwich for navigating the passenger steamer *Oriole* in an unsafe manner.

The evidence for the prosecution was that the steamer was going down the river with 500 passengers from London to Margate, and steaming at full speed, placed two barges in danger.

Mr. Bagallay inflicted a fine of £5, and £3 3s. costs.

In dealing with a number of foreigners, arrested in Soho, Mr. Kennedy remarked, "If no foreigners were brought up at this (Mailboat-office) court we should not have half the work."



## TO MARRY TEN MILLIONS.

Mr. H. Spender-Clay Engaged to Miss Pauline Astor.

## HEIRESS TO VAST WEALTH.

It was announced yesterday that Miss Pauline Astor had become engaged to Captain H. Spender-Clay, late of the 2nd Life Guards. The event has been a great surprise to society.

Miss Pauline Astor is the only daughter of Mr. William Waldorf Astor, the well-known American millionaire, who renounced his citizenship rights to become a British subject.

She is now in her twenty-fourth year, and has at various periods been accredited by the American papers with being engaged to all kinds of noblemen, from British peers down to the sons of impoverished German princes. The present Duke of Manchester was one of the ducal devotees, whom, rumour said, was about to be engaged to Miss Astor a few years ago.

### A Love Match.

But this charming young lady preferred to choose for herself, and her marriage will be a true love match. Probably no girl has ever been more sought after than Miss Astor, who has been overwhelmed with attentions from everyone in society and eagerly courted by match-making mothers.

She has, however, remained unspoiled, and perfectly sincere, unaffected, and unassuming in her manners.

Extremely simple in her tastes, she likes nothing better than to stay quietly at Cliveden with her father, to whom she is devoted, and his constant companion. One of her chief girl companions in society is Lady Marjorie Manners.

She has often been chaperoned by Lady Selkirk, as Mr. Astor does not go much into society, but she is a delightful hostess herself, and full of tact. In appearance she is not very tall, but has a slim, graceful figure, with dark hair, lustrous grey eyes, and an olive complexion.

Miss Astor bears a great resemblance to her mother, who was a famous Philadelphia beauty, Miss Manie Paul. Mrs. Astor died in 1892 at Cliveden, the beautiful residence which was purchased by Mr. Astor from the late Duke of Westminster.

### The Bride's Wealth.

In addition to her many attractions, Miss Pauline Astor will be a very wealthy woman when her father dies. He has two sons, but the daughter, who is a great favourite, will doubtless inherit a large share—perhaps a third—of his fortune, which has been estimated at from £24,000,000 to £30,000,000.

John Jacob Astor, the founder of their family, was the son of a butcher named Ashloer, in Waldorf, Germany, who went to America as a poor man and amassed a fortune of £4,000,000.

Colonel John Jacob Astor, the head of the family in America, lives in New York, and is wealthier even than his brother William Waldorf Astor, of England.

The latter gentleman settled in this country because he wished to avoid the American reporters and lead a quiet, peaceful life. Personally he strongly objected to being aroused out of his bed at one A.M. on a winter's morning by an abrupt, hard-faced individual with the query, "Are you Mr. Astor? Well, say, Mr. Astor, the 'Morning' wants to know what you are going to do with the three million dollars you made in real estate yesterday."

### Mr. Astor's Change of Nationality.

In August, 1899, Mr. Astor was so annoyed at the manner in which his New York property was taxed that he filed his papers, became a British subject, and lost his title to the American prefix of honourable.

The prospective bridegroom, Captain Herbert Spender-Clay, is also very wealthy, and has a lovely old mansion in the country in Ford Manor at Lingfield.

Captain Spender-Clay came before the notice of the public in December, 1897, through an account brought against him by the late Mr. Sam Lewis, for the recovery of £11,000 advanced on promissory notes.

In denying his responsibility in the witness-box, the youthful officer said that he signed the notes at the suggestion of Lord William Nevill, and did not know their contents. They were covered over, and he signed through holes cut in the blotting-paper, and was told that he was witnessing deeds in connection with Lady Cowley's divorce suit.

In the criminal action which followed Lord William Nevill was sentenced to five years' penal servitude for fraud.

The captain is a keen sportsman, and very popular with his brother officers in the 2nd Life Guards. He was twenty-nine years of age in June last, and knows a great deal more of the world than he did seven years ago when he signed the covered papers.

## TSARITSA'S SUPERSTITION.

Resorts to Magic for a Male Heir.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.

A notable divergence from Imperial etiquette has just been made by the Tsaritsa in favour of Piotr Austuikin, known throughout three provinces as the Yogi of Yaroslav.

Mustuikin has received from the Empress's private secretary a graceful letter of thanks for an amulet sent to her Majesty to ensure the birth of a male child.

The "Yogi" who is a priest, has for years past been in high repute for his alleged ability to determine the sex of children. His system is much simpler than Dr. Schenk's, as it requires nothing but the wearing of an iron locket containing the Yogi's incantation. This incantation, printed on goatskin, has been bought in thousands by women desiring male children, with it, it is claimed, miraculous results.

The incantation reads as follows:—

"Blue star shining in the south, red sun shining in the south, blue water flowing, blue air blowing, give light and moisture and fragrance."

"That it be strong as a bear, swift as a swallow, beautiful as a leopard, cunning as a fox, wise as a serpent, brave as a lion."

"Squirrel in the woods, eagle in the air, sturgeon in the stream, salamander in the fire, devour your male young that my offspring may be male."

## AMERICAN MEAT FAMINE.

Increased Price of Beef Will Benefit English Farmers.

There are many indications of a continuance of the strike in the Chicago stockyards, and the London meat market has quickly responded to the unsettled state of affairs.

Reuter's Chicago correspondent reports that a hitch has occurred, for the packers insist on a number of non-union workmen being retained; but the strikers object.

Yesterday a unionist, who had been throwing stones, was shot in the shoulder by the police, and there have been many fights between strikers and non-unionists.

How dependent England is upon the supply of meat from the United States will be seen from the following figures:—

The United States sends just 17 per cent. of the total amount of beef consumed in this country, and of the amount of fresh beef imported we get 70 per cent. from the States.

On an average every week 8,000 head of cattle from the United States are shipped and slaughtered at our ports. In addition, some 3,500 tons of fresh beef, as well as large quantities of salt beef and tinned goods, are imported from the same country.

Naturally, English farmers are looking forward to the substantial benefit by increased prices. With the excellent hay crop now safely gathered, fodder should be cheap in England, so that if the farmer can be assured of a rising market for his stock he has excellent winter prospects.

## FRUIT AND FILTH.

Zola-like Account of the Horrors of Picking.

"The greater part of the fruit that comes to London," says a "Lancet" correspondent, "is picked and handled for the market and made into jam by the very filthiest people in the whole community."

The pickers are housed in corrugated-iron shanties that the uninitiated observer would take for pigsties. They are drawn from the very lowest classes of slum-dwellers. One per cent. perhaps are better-class, and live in tents or caravans. There are generally six or eight human beings in one shanty thirteen feet by seven.

The result in dirt and animalculæ may be imagined. We complain of the pollution of our dirty fingers handle the fruit we eat.

No country people in the fruit districts, however poor, will touch fruit which has been picked by the "pykers," as they call them.

## BURNED BY A HOT-WATER BOTTLE.

Two nurses from the Oldham Nursing Association, who were engaged to assist during two operations on a Mrs. Hall, are alleged to have been negligent in their treatment, and let their patient be severely burned by a hot-water bottle. Mrs. Hall sued the association for damages, and was awarded £300.

But a successful appeal was made against this verdict in the High Court yesterday, on the grounds that the defendants were not responsible for the nurses' negligence.

The Master of the Rolls held that the association did not undertake to nurse, but to choose competent persons, and this they had carefully done.

## 'PAINTING MANCHURIA RED.'

Prince Boris and His Trainful of Cooks and Ladies.

The publication in Berlin of the fracas at Mukden between the Grand Duke Boris and General Kuropatkin has created a good deal of excitement in the capitals of Europe and America, where the Grand Duke is well known.

On leaving for the East, Prince Boris made no secret of his intentions to his friends, and told them practically that he would paint Manchuria red.

He travelled in a luxuriously-furnished train, attended by a bevy of beautiful damsels and a commissariat which included everything from the finest wines and costly viands.

It was these fair retainers whom General Kuropatkin commanded should be sent back to Russia. The Duke coloured up and, becoming angry, shouted, "Do you know to whom you are talking?"

"Certainly, your Highness," said the General; "you are a lieutenant in the Hussars of the Guard. I am Commander-in-Chief, and I order you to remove these ladies from the camp."

In reply, the Grand Duke drew his sword and wounded General Kuropatkin on the nose. When the Tsar heard of this he ordered the Grand Duke Boris to return to St. Petersburg.

The hero of this exploit is first cousin to the Tsar, and about twenty-six years of age. Already he has made himself conspicuous in every city of importance, from St. Petersburg to San Francisco.

At the Russian capital he was principally concerned at a scandalous performance which took place in one of the principal restaurants, and the Tsar was so angry that the Duke took a hurried trip to America, where he acquired fame by drinking champagne out of chorus ladies' slippers and other brilliant achievements.

## BUSY DAY AT BISLEY.

A Navy Team Wins the Brinsmead Competition.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

THE CAMP, Friday Evening.

On the Stickledon Ranges the match riflemen shot in teams of eight to decide the destination this year of the Elcho Shield.

On the Century Butt teams of six Volunteers shot in the forenoon in the Mullen's competition in attack formation, advancing from 600 yards to 200 yards at the figure of a man moving at a walking pace right and left. In the result the first team of the Queen's Edinburgh won the prize of £100, the 2nd Liverpool being second, and winning £30.

The Brinsmead competition, fired for at disappearing targets, resulted in a win for the team of H.M.S. Excellent. The team representing Natal won the Mappin challenge cup and £10, the 13th Middlesex being second, and the 3rd Lanark third. Lieut.-Colonel Hopton won his own challenge cup and £5.

Teams representing the mother country, Natal, Canada, New Zealand, and Guernsey competed for the Kolapore cup.

Among the competitors to-day was Miss Florence Lewes, of Wraybury, a member of the South London Rifle Club, who was shooting in the Ince, a rifle club tyro competition.

The camp station shows that 2,205 men slept under canvas last night. The evening closed in beautifully fine.

## SIXPENNY DENTISTRY.

"Luxuries" and Their Price in East London.

In the East End everyone is taking a very special interest in the state of their teeth owing to a notice in front of the London Hospital in these terms:—

Dental Department.—On and from Monday, the 18th of July, 1904, a charge of sixpence will be made for extractions by gas and stopping of teeth.

Seen yesterday the authorities of the hospital stated that the work of the dental department was increasing all the time, and that it was now taking place under improved conditions. The reason for the new charges was wholly financial. It was considered that stopping and gas extractions were somewhat in the nature of luxuries, of which patients ought to pay the bare cost.

Advice by Harley-street and Wimpole-street practitioners is and always will be gratuitous at the London Hospital.

People's teeth, too, will be gratuitously stopped where their illnesses arise from defective mastication through decayed teeth.

The celebration of the King's birthday took place at Jersey yesterday in brilliant weather. The troops and militia were reviewed by the Lieutenant-Governor, and a salute of twenty-one guns was fired.

## GREYBEARD'S PILGRIMAGE.

Old Man Walks 30,000 Miles In Search of Work.

## HIS PATHETIC STORY.

"Grey hairs are a handicap."

The old man sighed, and went on:—

"Employers won't give work to old men. I have walked 30,000 miles in four years in search of work, and I have only found it occasionally."

The speaker was seventy-six years of age, and it was with simple pathos that he stated his case in the *Mirror* office yesterday.

Mark All is his name, and he was born on June 11, 1828. In June, 1900, on his seventy-second birthday, he found himself in London, poor, and without employment. He had no hope of getting any, for his hair and beard were grey, and no one would believe he had energy for work.

"The workhouse is not to be thought of," said All. "I determined to prove that old men are some good. On August 6, when I was seventy-two years and two months old, I set out to look for work, and for four years I have managed to support myself somehow, never begging or asking alms, but I have had to walk 30,000 miles in order to do it."

Started with Sixpence.

Mark All set out on his journey with a capital of sixpence. He speedily found out, he said, the great inhumanity of man to man. He was compelled to sell a shirt for another sixpence. This shilling sustained him for ten days and nights, during which he made 270 miles to Plymouth.

"Here I met a friend," he said, "but no work, so left for Cornwall in hope of better prospects."

Poor old octogenarian. Throughout the four years it has been the same tale. No one wanted an old man long. Here and there he met a stop-gap job. In the forty-eight months he has earned just £102, no more.

He claims to have proved that age does not make a man useless. He often walked fifty miles a day. He has been up and down Great Britain more than once on "Shank's pony," but has never had a day's sickness.

### Buried in Snow.

"Once I was nearly done," he said. "I was caught in the snow, and got buried in a drift. There was a farm quite close, but no one knew of my trouble or could hear my calls. Two days I waited for death."

"At last, some people passed. 'For God's sake, help,' I called. The strange voice coming out of the snow frightened them."

"For a moment I thought they would run away and leave me to die. I called again, and they pulled me out. I was soon well again, although I was over seventy, and no good for work, they said."

A tough old man evidently is Mark All, and should be well able to work. Yet he has proved, he says, all over Great Britain, that grey hairs are only a passport for the workhouse.

### Troubles Increase Faith.

His wanderings have reduced his respect for man, but heightened his trust in God.

He carries a New Testament always with him. On its title page is written, "This Book is not a fable, or a newspaper. 'Tis my sword, and daily projects me through life."

He keeps a common-place book on odd scraps of paper. "How hard," he has written down, "most people work that they may be sure of a daily meal while living, and a decent funeral when dead."

"Men should be interested in their work," his reflections conclude, "not in its rewards, nor in themselves. I pray for all, I fight for all, I plead for all, I live for all, and remain for ever—Mark All."

A peculiar person withal, he deserves well by his fellow artisans if his adventures help the older men to get work. As it is, they have to dye their hair to deceive the employer.

A photograph of the wanderer appears on page 8.

## RACING YACHTS IN COLLISION.

Shamrock's Old Captain Runs Into the Ingomar.

Captain Barr and Captain Syclopedia fought over again in Dover Harbour their international contests of some few years ago in New York Bay, when the former sailed Shamrock I. and II., and the latter was at the helm of the American Defender.

Yesterday their keen rivalry led to a collision, which caused damage of over £1,000.

At the start for the principal handicap Syclopedia, on the German yawl Navahoe, was first over the line by clever jockeyship.

Passing the Harbour Extension works Barr, on the American schooner Ingomar, attempted to cut in between the Navahoe and the pier, and badly fouled his opponent's quarter.



## "DOUBLE" TROUBLE.

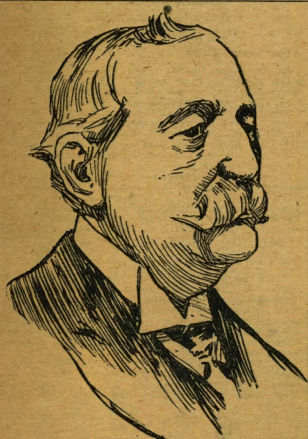
Remarkable Tests of Identity in a Puzzling Case.

### IS THOMAS THE MAN?

Another stage was reached yesterday in the remarkable proceedings which may result in the release of a man convicted of a crime which he declares he never committed.

Adolph Beck is awaiting sentence, after a jury has found him guilty of defrauding girls of their jewellery. He avers that he has a "double," who committed the fraud.

The suggested "double," William Thomas by name, was brought up at Bow-street yesterday



Beck's alleged double.—(Sketched by a "Mirror" artist.)

charged with having obtained jewellery under false pretences from two girls, under circumstances similar to those attending Beck's alleged offence.

Thomas stood in the dock only long enough for a remand to be applied for and granted, and he then returned to the cells.

But a much more dramatic scene had preceded his brief appearance in the dock. In the station yard ten men were drawn up, carrying their hats in their hand, William Thomas taking his stand with them in the line.

Three of them, it was remarked, had a curious resemblance to each other, so that the task of identifying any one man was not easy.

Three girls who originally identified Adolph Beck as the person who wheeled them out of their jewellery were called in separately and asked to pick out the man.

Without hesitation each girl walked up to Thomas and said, "That is the man."

The girls left the yard, and the men were re-arranged, told to put on their hats, and marshalled for another trial.

Once more, as each of the girls entered, she stepped in front of Thomas and singled him out as the man she knew.

Various other devices were adopted to confuse the girls, and Thomas was allowed to adopt any posture he liked. He stood with his back to the girls, faced sideways, bent down, and, of course, all the other men did the same; but there was no doubt in the minds of the girls. Each time they positively identified William Thomas as the man who had obtained jewels from them, and in no case was one of the other men singled out.

Developments in this remarkable case are awaited with keen interest by Beck's friends, who allege that he has already unjustly suffered a term of penal servitude for another fraud committed by his double.

## HOT CELTIC BLOOD

The first canvass of the large and straggling West Shropshire Division has left both sides confident.

The factor in the election is the agricultural labourer. He is not affected by Chinese labour, the licensing question, or the Education Act, except for the latter in the districts bordering on Wales, where the Church and Nonconformity are at daggers drawn, and Evan Jones does not know his neighbour Morgan Jones, "because, look you, one is a Calvinistic Methodist, and the other neglects attendance at his church."

Away from these sectarian troubles the agricultural labourer is faced with the problem of the big loaf. The farmers generally favour tariff reforms, and the argument of the labourer is, "Master is going for protection, so it must be likely to do him good, and not we."

Arguments in the taprooms, smoking-rooms, and open-air conferences are getting more truculent daily. The touch of Welsh blood in the constituency tends towards excitability and blows.

## £3 A DAY ON DRINK.

Dissipations of a "Pigeon" Who Is Looking for His Lost Fortune in the Law Courts.

The story—"so extraordinary that it seems almost incredible," to use Mr. Abel Thomas's description of it—of how a "pigeon" lost his horses was told to Mr. Justice Warrington yesterday in King's Bench Court I.

In less zoological language, it was a story of how a once well-to-do young mining student of Cardiff, named Mr. John Nixon Gray, lost £37,000 in nine months.

The reason why Mr. Abel Thomas, K.C., referred to Mr. Gray as a "pigeon" is that the Welsh lawyer-M.P., leading counsel on Mr. Gray's behalf, considers that he (Mr. Gray) has been plucked of £32,000 by another Cardiff man, Mr. John, who keeps the Alexandra Hotel in that town.

The action brought by Mr. Gray yesterday was to cancel the documents by which, it was alleged, the plucking was done by Mr. John, with the co-operation, it was further alleged, of a solicitor friend, Rees, who is a co-defendant. In the alternative it was sought to recover £50,000 as compensation for the said plucking.

Mr. Gray could not be said to look very much like a pigeon when he took his stand in the witness-box. At any rate, he is a very substantial pigeon. Frock-coated and nicely groomed, he stood 5ft. 8in. as he answered his counsel's questions with an air of gentle, confiding innocence.

The story of the plucking, as told by Abel Thomas and Mr. Gray himself, was as follows:—

In 1899 Mr. Gray's uncle, a gentleman named Nixon, died and left to his nephew a sum of money amounting to nearly £40,000.

The young man at this time was a mining surveyor, living in hopes of some day passing the examination that would make him a mining engineer.

### PLANS CHANGED WITH £40,000.

With the arrival of the fortune, however, these hopes were considered "de trop," and, instead of poring over books, Mr. Gray seems to have paid visits to his acquaintances to inform them of his sudden affluence.

Among those whom he told all about what had happened was Mr. John, of the Alexandra.

Mr. John had, in the "pigeon's" less prosperous days, once obliged him with the loan of a guinea, and at once showed himself greatly interested in the change in his financial situation.

"Why don't you add to it?" he asked, meaning by "it" Mr. Gray's fortune. "Why don't you buy some good horses?"

The result was that considerable transactions in horseflesh took place between Mr. Gray and Mr. John. One of these transactions, according to Mr. Abel Thomas, took the form of a sale to Mr. Gray

of two horses for £700, which Mr. John afterwards bought back—along with five other horses, for which Mr. Gray had given good prices—for £800.

Finally a horse-fancying partnership was entered on between Mr. Gray and Mr. John, at the dissolution of which, by some mysterious, Chinese-puzzling way, said Mr. Thomas, Mr. John seemed to have got most of the horses, and most of Mr. Gray's money as well.

So fond of Mr. John's society did Mr. Gray become that he took up permanent quarters at the Alexandra, and spent £3 a day on liquid refreshment for himself and his and Mr. John's friends. Moreover, he freely entertained Mr. John and whoever might be about to dinner.

From the "pigeon's" accounts, Mr. Thomas read the following list of alcoholic refreshments that the "pigeon" indulged in:—

"Champagne, Cider, Scheidam, Bass, Volny, Hennessy, and," added Mr. Thomas, "goodness knows what else."

Mr. Gray had previously changed his solicitor. Mr. Hill, who had acted for him before, had been discarded, and Mr. Morgan Rees substituted in his stead.

The new solicitor was introduced to Mr. Gray in a bar, Mr. Gray explaining afterwards that he was "a good sort, but not too well off."

"I have got him under my thumb," added Mr. John, as an extra inducement for the change.

### ADVICE IN LOVE AFFAIRS.

Mr. John also showed himself solicitous for the smooth running of Mr. Gray's love affairs. It was because the publican said he had heard something against her credit that Mr. Gray gave up a young lady to whom he was much attached.

Mr. Rees also proved useful to Mr. Gray in his "affaires de cœur." When another "young lady," to whom Mr. Gray afterwards became attached, appeared in the local police-courts—this, according to counsel, she did several times—Mr. Rees defended her, thus earning much gratitude and money from Mr. Gray.

Mr. Thomas, at the end of his three-hours-long sketch of the whole romance, had a very peculiar coincidence to relate.

It was that out of the list of witnesses whom it was originally intended to call one had been murdered, one had committed suicide, one had gone into a lunatic asylum, and five had died.

"That's not our fault," said Mr. Francis Williams, K.C., counsel on the other side.

His former fondness for wine Mr. Gray frankly admitted in the witness-box.

"I used to drink a great deal of wine," he said, "until I became so ill that I could not drink any more." It was because of the serious illness that his varied regime of drink brought on that he was sent by his brother on the sea voyage.

The case was adjourned.

## "JULES" IN THE CITY.

An Idyll at St. Paul's Accounts for Two Lost Tourists.

"Wait! wait! My son, where is he?"

The exclamation burst from a frantic Frenchwoman outside St. Paul's yesterday, when the order was given for the brakes containing the French working party to start for the Mansion House.

She stood up and waved wildly. "My son," she explained breathlessly; "he ces not here. He has been left in your St. Paul's."

Then the whisper was passed round that another of the party was missing—a demoiselle this time. The brakes were stopped, and a thorough search made through the cathedral. At last young Jules and the fair lady were discovered sitting in the crypt gazing into each other's eyes, neither knowing nor caring that they were locked in, and might easily have lost the rest of their outing. The blushing pair were sternly conducted to their brake, and the party again set out in high good humour, chaff flying merrily.

### In Praise of English Beer.

It was rare fettle that Jules was in yesterday. He started well by eating an enormous breakfast. Jules, in the person of one of the party, confided to a *Representative* that he had had ham and eggs—"quatre portions"—and had then made all snug with a foaming tankard of beer. "Ah, your bière," he exclaimed, "it is splendide; it has what you call him—more 'stuff' than the bière of my country."

The Guildhall and St. Paul's, under the Arch-deacon's guidance, duly admired, a move was made to the Mansion House. Here the party was welcomed by the Lord Mayor, Sir James Ritchie, who had specially left the Bench to do honour to our visit.

Luncheon was given by the Mayor of Marylebone at the Hotel Central.

Afterwards the "Jardins D'Acclimation"—otherwise the Zoo—was visited. The party wound up the day at Earl's Court, where they were entertained to dinner by Mr. D. G. Collins, of the City of London International Commercial Association.

## THE LAW'S DELAYS.

Lord Chief Justice on the Satisfactory State of Affairs.

Before rising at the conclusion of the day's business in the Divisional Court of King's Bench yesterday the Lord Chief Justice made reference to recent criticisms on the block in the work of the Law Courts.

It is interesting to contrast his opinion with the remark made by Mr. Kemp, K.C., to Mr. Justice Phillimore a week ago that "the state of things is terrible to the suitors and terrible to the Bar." In commenting on this Mr. Justice Phillimore observed that the cause of the block in the work was due to the length of the cases.

"So far as I know," the Lord Chief Justice said, "the business has very seldom been in such a satisfactory condition."

He was satisfied that by the time of the long vacation the jury list would be in as good a position as it ever had been at any previous period.

## CLIMB FOR LIFE.

An old mountaineer has had a climb for life in the prosaic Essex village of Purfleet, which could not have been excelled in excitement on the Matthorn itself.

He was walking along the chalk cliffs, which lie back from the river, when he stepped over the brink.

Thirty feet down the face of the cliff, which is over eighty feet high, his clothing caught in a shrub. Here he hung suspended in mid-air for half-an-hour, when he managed to get his penknife from his pocket.

With infinite pains and caution he commenced to cut footholds in the chalk, and slowly and laboriously worked his way up the precipitous cliff.

A crowd of villagers watched his perilous ascent. He regained the summit after an hour and a half's exhausting work, bruised from head to foot, but otherwise unharmed.

## STABBED IN SLEEP.

Wife Attacks Her Husband in Bed and Commits Suicide.

### SISTER'S TRAGIC STORY.

In a quiet street near Honor Oak Park Station early yesterday morning a sad and inexplicable tragedy occurred.

A woman, who had never shown herself to be other than a loving wife, attacked her husband in his sleep, stabbed him twice, and committed suicide.

Emily Raymond and her husband, Leonard, had been living for nearly a year at 29, Gabriel-street, with their two-year-old daughter Dorothy, and Mrs. Raymond's sister Gertrude, who was about twelve years of age.

Their neighbours, with the exception of Mrs. Kemble, next door, who was a personal friend, knew little about them. They were well-behaved, respectable people, Raymond being billiard-marker at Peall's rooms, near London Bridge.

Shortly after one yesterday morning bitter cries came from No. 29. Mr. Raymond was seen in the street holding his throat with both hands to close two wounds, one on each side of his throat.

### Child's Agonised Cry.

In the front garden poor little Gertrude, dazed with fright, kept screaming, "Emmie has cut Len's throat."

Raymond ran to the doctor's house near by. In his absence a policeman arrived and forced the bedroom door open. Mrs. Raymond lay on the floor dead, with her throat cut.

Neither Miss Dickinson, Mrs. Raymond's sister, who lives in Gower-street, nor Mrs. Kemble, her neighbour and great friend, can understand why she should have committed the crime. "There was no cause at all for jealousy," said Mrs. Raymond; "they were a model couple." Poor Emmie was delicate, and she suffered very much from the heat. She was worried about her health, but nothing else.

Miss Dickinson, who, with the child Dorothy, is staying at Mrs. Kemble's, was able to throw a little more light on her sister's state of mind. "On Thursday night Emmie came to see me at Gower-street. She was crying, and said she was unhappy. She gave me some rings, and asked me to keep them for Dorothy, her baby, and when I asked her why she wished to part with them she said, 'I'm afraid some one will take them.'"

So strange was her manner that Miss Dickinson made her promise not to do anything rash before she left her.

Mr. Raymond was taken to Lewisham Union Infirmary, and is said to be well on the way to recovery.

## SKETCH WAR ENDS.

Significant Turn of Events at Marlborough-street.

A significant announcement in connection with the music hall "war" was made at Marlborough-street yesterday.

After a lengthy adjournment the summonses against Mr. George Edwardes and his co-directors of the Empire Theatre of Varieties were again before Mr. Kennedy. The proceedings had been taken on the grounds that stage plays—ballets and pantomimes—had been performed at the Empire without a licence.

When the hearing was resumed Mr. Macmorran, K.C., for the prosecution, informed the magistrate that since the summonses were last before the Court the matter in dispute had been fully discussed by the parties interested. He believed that legislation on the subject was pending, and it was thought that, in the circumstances, after consultation with the other side, no good object would be served in going on with the summonses. He therefore proposed that they should be adjourned sine die.

Mr. Kennedy: Very well. It may be surmised from this that the music hall "war," as far as police court proceedings are concerned, is now at an end.

The Minnehaha Temperance Hotel, Folkestone, was completely destroyed by fire yesterday afternoon. No lives were lost, and the damage is roughly estimated at £5,000, which is partially covered by insurance.

**CHILDREN**  
**TEETHING**

TO MOTHERS.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S**  
**Soothing Syrup**

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, cures the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA.

Sold by all Chemists at 1/1½ per bottle.



## MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

## THE CITY.

Frank Hiltbert, newsagent, of New Cross-road, was fined £30 at Greenwich yesterday for using his premises for betting purposes.

Joseph Taylor, a Midland Railway porter, was knocked down by an express train and killed while crossing the metals at St. Pancras Station.

An omnibus collided with a four-wheeled cab in Fleet-street yesterday and overturned it. The three passengers in the cab were badly shaken.

In trying to avoid a car whilst cycling in West Norwood, Mr. R. G. Scager fell heavily and died two hours later. Accidental Death was the verdict at yesterday's inquest.

## WORRIED PASSIVE RESISTERS.

No proceedings have been taken against the passive resisters at Scarborough, who are very indignant at the prospect of being disfranchised for not having paid their rates.

Legal opinion has been obtained, and the resisters have learned with regret that they have no remedy.

## STRUCK OFF THE ROLLS.

The following solicitors were struck off the rolls yesterday:—

Thomas James Irving Blacklock, of Leeds, for misappropriation of money; Frederick William Webb, who was awarded eighteen months' hard labour for fraud; John Frederick Murly, of Bristol, who had misappropriated about £28,000 trust funds.

## HAND CRUSHED IN A MANGLE.

Mrs. Tiernan is suing the Manchester Corporation for damages, having had her hand crushed in the corporation's steam mangle.

She alleges that while she was mangle her clothes the machinery gave a sudden jump, and her hand was consequently dragged in.

## JUMPED FROM THE VIADUCT.

A young woman who had apparently thrown herself over the bridge was found by the police lying in a pool of blood below Rosebery-avenue viaduct, Clerkenwell.

She was taken to the Royal Free Hospital, where life was pronounced to be extinct.

The dead woman, who was about thirty years of age, and 5ft. 4in. in height, was fairly well dressed, her black jacket being trimmed with fur.

## COOLEST MAN IN ENGLAND.

In spite of the weather, Herbert Wild gave an astounding exhibition of coolness at Southport.

When remanded on a charge of stealing groceries from a shop, he asked the grocer who was prosecuting him to be his surety. The grocer did not see his way to oblige, and Wild was detained in custody.

## SIR H. "C.-B.'S" DISCLAIMER.

A news agency states that Mr. Theodore Cook has included Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's name in a list of those whom he represents in a circular as active supporters of a scheme for a war memorial in the Mall. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman knows nothing of the scheme or its promoters.

## CHAINED TO A CART'S TAIL.

When ejected from a public-house in Chapel-en-le-Frith, Samuel Yates, a quarryman, fell into the hands of a policeman.

He promptly pulled the officer's helmet off and jumped on it, and then proceeded to assault his captor. Failing to subdue him in any other way the policeman at last handcuffed him and chained him to the tail of a farmer's cart. Then he drove the cart to the police station.

Yates was fined 15s. and costs, and ordered to pay for a new helmet.

## BAD SEASON FOR MUSIC.

This has been the worst season for both vocal and instrumental professional musicians that we have had in London for years. Such is the opinion of Mr. N. Vert, the musical agent, who has his mind constantly upon the pulse of the musical world.

Mr. Vert says he thinks the public is just now not in the mood for serious music, and the passion for bridge has caused a decline in the number of concert goers. Little Vescey, the child violinist, has this year made more money than any other performer.

## TRIALS OF EXCURSIONISTS.

At this season of the year hundreds of country excursionists are arriving in London during the early hours of the morning and finding it a desert. There are no omnibuses, tubes, or local trains running, and it is impossible for them to get a glass of water to quench the thirst of the young children. Even the daily papers cannot be obtained, and altogether strangers find London a lonesome city between four and six a.m.

After having been in the Farnham Workhouse for just fifty years, Mary Edmeds has died there.

For hitting a woman he was living with on the head with a red-hot poker, John Brooks was sentenced to four months hard labour at Manchester.

The Duchess of Albany, who was recently tripped up by a dog, is making satisfactory progress towards recovery. H.R.H., however, is still confined to the Palace.

For permitting smoke nuisances the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company were fined £45 and costs at the instance of the L.C.C. at Greenwich yesterday.

The body of a Mr. Billingsby, who was organist at the church of St. Mary-at-Hill, City, has been found in the Mersey. He was drowned through the capsizing of a sailing-boat on the last day of his holiday.

## BABEL IN A POLICE COURT.

A Russian sailor, a Dutch cook, an Italian ice-cream vendor, and a Greek waiter were among the parties at Southwark Police Court yesterday, and some delay arose in interpreting the evidence.

## HANGED IN HIS SCARF.

William Gale, a "handy man" at Hay's Wharf, Tooley-street, went to the room in which an engine driver named Cook was working, and noticing blood on the floor, looked up and saw Cook hanging by his scarf from some shafting.

Accidental Death was the verdict at yesterday's inquest. It appeared that Cook had been drawn into the machinery by the ends of his scarf.

## GREAT ARTIST'S MODESTY.

On one occasion, says the "Clarion," Mr. G. F. Watts, feeling that he was getting old, and fearing that his powers might be declining, asked the Selection and Hanging Committees of the Royal Academy to "judge his work severely, as he did not wish to disgrace the academy nor himself. He had seen so much deplorable work of eye and hand, that he did not wish to be added to the number."

## MOTHER'S DESPAIR.

Mrs. Mary Johnson, a woman living apart from her husband at Castle Eden, county Durham, was yesterday morning found lying in bed with her throat so badly cut that she is not expected to recover.

By her side, dead, was her three-year-old child by a former marriage. Bottles which had contained laudanum were found under the mattress.

## SAW HIS SON DROWN.

During a race for sailing boats at the Waterford regatta yesterday, the yawl Three Brothers was struck by a heavy squall and capsized.

One of the crew, a young man named John O'Reilly, was drowned, and his father, who was steering another boat in the race, witnessed his son's death.

## JEWISH BREACH OF PROMISE.

At Manchester Assizes yesterday a jury awarded £230 damages to Miss Jenny Goldstone, a Jewess, of Preston, who sued a Mr. Hyman Schweitzer, of Sheffield, for breach of promise.

The defendant pleaded that by the Jewish religion it was not permissible for members to marry within twelve months after the death of a parent, and as his mother died in March last no action would lie, even if the promise had been made.

## THREE CARD TRICK IN TRAMCAR.

At Newcastle James McNally pleaded guilty to having played the three card trick in a tramcar. The Mayor of Newcastle was on the car at the time, and called a policeman after noticing the man's conduct.

It was stated that the prisoner was a known thief and cardsharper. When arrested, he had in his possession a "flash" £5 note, a penny with two heads and a penny with two tails. He was sent to goal for a month.

## FOR HOLIDAY MAKERS.

Another startling method of advertising the *Daily Mirror* has been adopted by the sale of a perfect camera, with photographic lens and ground glass finder, for 3s. 3d.

This camera is a marvel in many ways, for it is not only cheaper than one would expect to buy a good camera for, but it is properly made and takes perfect pictures. It is described at length on page 13.

## LIVERPOOL'S SPECIAL HOLIDAY.

His Majesty signed, at yesterday's Privy Council in Buckingham Palace, a proclamation whereby Liverpool will enjoy a Bank Holiday on the occasion of his visit next Tuesday.

Men employed at Woolwich Arsenal are in future to receive three months' notice instead of one or two days as hitherto.

On charges of attempting to pick pockets in the crowd on the occasion of the Queen's visit to the East End, four men were remanded at the Thames Police Court yesterday.

At the inquest at Plymouth on the body of a German seaman who was drowned during the visit of the German fleet, the coroner said that all over the town the men had behaved themselves wonderfully well. They were a credit to their service and to their nation.

## FELL INTO A FURNACE.

At Brancepeth Colliery, near Bishop Auckland, an apprentice named Todd, fourteen years of age, met with a terrible death yesterday.

He was engaged at a coke oven, the top of which gave way, and he disappeared into the burning mass.

No trace of his remains has been discovered.

## KILLED BY A HAYFORK.

While crossing a hayfield to seek shade for dinner, a boy of fifteen, at Norton, near Yeovil, was jerked from the top of a loaded wagon.

He fell with his hayfork in his hand, and a prong passed right through his head. The result was instant death.

## IN PIERPONT MORGAN'S COLLECTION.

An antique cope of the year 1200, presented to the Cathedral of Ascoli by Pope Nicholas IV., was stolen in August, 1902.

It has now been discovered in Mr. Pierpont Morgan's London collection, and negotiations are proceeding for its recovery.

## DUEL IN A LONDON STREET.

Further evidence in the case in which Michael McCarthy, eighteen, is charged with shooting at and wounding another lad was given at Worship-street yesterday.

It appeared that the lads placed themselves in the positions of duellists, but that the accused fired first. The bullet lodged in the prosecutor's breast, and has not yet been removed.

McCarthy was again remanded.

## FRIGHTENED TO DEATH BY LIGHTNING.

Mrs. C. E. Sellers, a widow, of Bradford, was so terrified by the lightning and thunder during the recent storm that she got out of bed in the night and called for her daughter.

She was intensely excited, and neither her daughter nor her sons could calm her. They put her back into bed, but she died from fright whilst held in her children's arms.

## MOST ABSENT-MINDED.

Mr. Henry Smallwood, a Wrexham piano tuner, holds the record for absent-mindedness.

He was summoned for having travelled on the railway without paying his fare. But it was proved that he should have got out of the train and gone to tune a church organ. He had travelled beyond the station in utter absence of mind, having completely forgotten his engagement.

Amusing proof of his absence of mind was given during the hearing of the case. Two solicitors appeared for the defendant, and it appeared that he had engaged one and then forgotten he had done so and engaged another.

He bore an excellent character and the Bench dismissed the case.

## "INVESTMENTS."

"INVESTMENTS" introduces, in an entirely original manner, new and important methods for the employment of and the means of obtaining capital. Among the

**SPECIAL CONTRIBUTED CHAPTERS**  
 "Theory of Markets and How to Profit by them."  
 "Theory of Successful Speculation."  
 "How to Start an Account."  
 "The Advantages of a 'Call' Option."  
 "Contingencies Mining and Industrial Securities."  
 "How to Invest in Mines."  
 "American Rails, with Points for Operators and Investors."  
 "The Purchase of Investment Securities by Instalments."  
 "General Principles for Investors."  
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**AN ENTIRELY NEW FEATURE**  
 is a collated list of "Average Values," which will enable investors to gauge the value of any particular security.

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CECIL, STRAND, W.C.

## Mixed Emotions—A Little Gamble—Allsopps Rise.

The markets were somewhat mixed yesterday. In the gilt-edged section, for instance, there was quite a fair amount of depression, and this had to be attributed to the gloomy talk among the bankers, who found the day rather an awkward one to get through, and who were forced to borrow from the Bank of England. The little difficulty was chiefly due to money being called off the market in readiness for the advance above the interest payments. Consols, therefore, were marked down, but most of the recent new issues were fairly satisfactory.

Home Rails were quite moderately cheerful. There was some wild talk about the wonderful economies to be effected, especially by the southern lines, the securities of which are so prominent as market gambling counters. It was all very fitting, in view of Monday's dividends and the earnings showings. But there must be quite a respectable speculative account built up, and it was not surprising to find a few stocks showing shakiness at the higher level.

## American Rails.

In Americans London seemed inclined to do a little more gambling than usual. Attention was mainly directed to the low-priced things, like Southern, and Louisvilles were also prominent. Then, when New York commenced operations in the afternoon, there was quite a run on the coal-carrying descriptions, like Baltimore, and the close was strong. The British investor wisely keeps his money in his pocket. The Street market was quite jubilant for Union and Southern Pacific on the Harriman decision.

At first stories were put about of Canadian crop damage, but it did not stop Canadian Rails, and Grand Trunks were better. Then Argentine Rails, too, were quite in evidence with Buenos Ayres, and a buy. Pacific led the way yesterday. Mexican Rails have also recovered, though silver was dull, owing to India not being a buyer.

## Foreign Bonds.

There was a story put about that the Venezuelan Debt conversion scheme, though already in force, was mainly directed to the low-priced things, like Southern, and Louisvilles were also prominent. Then, when New York commenced operations in the afternoon, there was quite a run on the coal-carrying descriptions, like Baltimore, and the close was strong. The British investor wisely keeps his money in his pocket. The Street market was quite jubilant for Union and Southern Pacific on the Harriman decision.

The outstanding feature in the Miscellaneous section was a sharp rise in Allsopps, on the nearness of the report and better earnings. The market was quite strong among the copper shares, and, as a whole, the Foreign market was quite well maintained. Japanese were good.

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## LATEST MARKET PRICES.

\* The "Daily Mirror" prices are the latest available. Unlike most of our contemporaries, we take special care to obtain the last quotations in the Street markets after the official close of the Stock Exchange.

The following are the closing prices for the day:			
Consols 2½ p.c.	89½	Pacific	115½
Do Account	89½	Western	124½
India 3 p.c.	89½	Michigan	84½
London C.C. 3½ p.c.	92½	Do Ord.	181½
Nat. War Loan	97½	Rosario	98½
Transvaal Loan	97½	Do Ord.	98½
Argentine 1886	101½	Canadian Pacific 1903	128½
Do Funding	101½	Gd. Trk. Ord.	14½
Brazilian 4 p.c. 1889	77½	Do 1st P.F.	105½
Do W.C. 1895	89½	Do 2nd	80½
Chit 1889	78½	Do 3rd	40½
Chinese 5 p.c. 1890	100½	Nitrates Ord.	94½
Egyptian United 104½	108½	Acetated Bread	81½
Italian	101½	Allsopps Ord.	84½
Jap. Sp. Gd. 1890	85½	Do	85½
Do 4 p.c.	73½	Coats	97½
Per. Delis.	82½	Gas Light Ord.	108½
Do Pref.	25½	Hudson Bay	381½
Portuguese	82½	Ln. Gen. Ord.	117½
Russian 4 p.c. 1889	92½	Do 1st	110½
Spanish 4 p.c. (Sd.)	80½	L.K.I. D. D. Ord.	71½
Turkish 5 p.c. Ord.	82½	Nelson's	220½
Uruguay 5 p.c.	87½	Sweetwater	187½
Brighton Def.	123½	Vickers, Maxims	11½
Calcutta Def.	239½	Welsbach Ord.	9½
Chatham London	90½	Anglo-French	5½
Chit 1889	78½	Asiatic G. F.	12½
Do Pref.	102½	Assoc. G. M.	2½
Do 2nd Pref.	72½	Barrato Cons.	2½
Great Eastern	91½	Champ. Ref.	32½
Gt. Northern Def.	41½	Chartered Co.	1½
Great Central A. 144	144	City & Sub.	64½
Great Western	145½	Con. Gold S.A.	6½
Metropolitan	96½	Crown Ref.	14½
District	87½	De Beers Def.	181½
Midland Pref.	88½	East Rand	7½
Do Def.	67½	Gold Coast	2½
North British Def.	44½	Gd. Gold	5½
North Eastern	142½	Gold Coast A.M.	2½
North Western	138½	Gold's Horsehoe	7½
South Eastern Def.	64½	Gt. Hld. Per. New	110½
Do Ord.	103½	Do Prop.	203½
Atchison	77½	Gt. Fugall 10½	7½
Baltimore	85½	John. Con.	7½
Chesapeake	85½	Knight	5½
Chi. Mil. & St. L.	151½	Knights	5½
Denver	25½	May Consolidated	34½
Erie Shares	20½	Meyer & Charl.	5½
Do Pref.	29½	Missouri	10½
Illinois Cent.	47½	Moysore Gold	6½
Lv. & N. V.	10½	Nile Valley	17½
Ontario	80½	N. Ry.	10½
Norfolk Con.	10½	Nundurody	1½
Pennsylvania	60½	Oreum	1½
Reading	36½	Oreum	1½
Southern Def.	62½	Prinmore (N.)	3½
Southern Pacific	62½	Randfontein	2½
Union Pacific	98½	Rand Mines	10½
U.S. Steel Ord.	12½	Rand Mines	10½
Do Pref.	62½	Sons Gwalla	11½
Wabash Pref.	36½	Trans. Va.	11½
		Wahit	5½
		Wassau	11½
		Wells	11½
		Zambesi Explor.	1½

\* Ex div.

Edmonton Guardians have resolved to hire a motor-car to remove lunatics to the asylum. Last year it cost the Board £400 for carriage hire.



## NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—

2, CARMELITE-STREET, LONDON, E.C.

TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1310 Holborn.

The West End Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—  
45 and 46, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.  
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J. E. BLOOM & CO., July 4th to 30th.

## Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1904.

## THE PLAIN MEANING OF ARMY REFORM.

Writing on the first rumours of the new Army proposals a few weeks back we outlined the kind of army which would be suited to the special needs of Great and also Greater Britain. We pointed out that we required a small force of professional soldiers, highly trained and ready to go anywhere at a moment's notice, with a vast force of men, sufficiently trained to be useful in the field, who could be called upon to back up the small professional force, whenever we were entangled in a big war.

Of course, we claimed no originality for our view. It was based on the best opinions of the best judges of the position of the British Empire in relation to the rest of the world. Yet never until now has such a view been put forward by a War Minister. Never before Mr. Arnold-Forster came into office has the War Office shown any signs of understanding what this country wants an army for.

We do not want one to defend our own shores. If the Navy should ever be crushed, there would be no need to invade us. We could be starved into submission before three weeks were out. Whatever fighting we have to do will be done overseas, and the chances are that most of it will be more like police duty than regular warfare.

Now you see why Mr. Arnold-Forster proposes to have one-fifth of the Army professional soldiers. They can polish off all small police jobs by themselves, and in a big war they will act as the backbone of our forces, supported by the other four-fifths, who will be two-year service men, and by all the retired two-year men who have been passed into the Reserves.

This is the great reform Mr. Arnold-Forster proposes. The rest of his scheme is ingenious, and may save a little money; but it is upon this part of it that attention should be fixed. All the best authorities have been telling us for years past that we must have two different classes of soldier in our ranks. Now at last the authorities have been listened to. Let us, at any rate, give their notion a fair trial.

## THE EARLY MORNING GIRL.

If you want to see London's prettiest and whitest, do not look for them late at night in heated ballrooms or at a crowded reception. Go out into the streets between eight and nine in the morning.

Fresh as the morning breeze, neat and trim in their workaday frocks, with a cheerful, smiling air and cheeks just showing that tint of rosininess which is so vastly more attractive than the milkmaid's red—they are tripping in thousands to their work for the day.

And their work seems to agree with them, too. How many of the wealthy, well-born girls, who pass their time either in tedious idleness or in fussy futile, feverish activity, could bear comparison with these clear-eyed, firm-footed, trim-begirded maids of the office, the counter, and the workroom?

They have a pretty taste, too, in hats and dresses—not without a spice of coquetry, though they are as good girls as any mother could wish. A neat shoe and a glimpse of open-work stocking, an individual style of tying the hair, a blouse with a cunning "set," of a defiantly charming tilt of the hat—why shouldn't the Early Morning Girl have as much right to them as the rest of her sex?

Yes, they make London streets very pleasant to those who are astir hours before the fashionable world is fit to be seen.

Miss Astor's approaching marriage will deprive quite a number of hard-working American newspaper men of their occupation. They have been engaged for years past in betrothing her to every young man she happened to speak to. Perhaps now they will return to her father, whom they used to engage regularly every week either to a princess, a grand duchess, or a lady of the corps de ballet.

For all Mr. Astor's enormous wealth, he is not an extravagant man. Once at a seaside place he discovered that his housekeeper was paying 3d. each for cabbages. With angry brows he strode

into the greengrocer's shop and rated the man for overcharging him. "Three pence for a cabbage," he exclaimed. "It is monstrous." You see a man must look after the pennies when he has only between £200,000 and £400,000 a year.

One of the curiosities of Mr. Astor's beautiful office on the Embankment is the petty cash drawer of his wonderful steel desk. It is a large drawer and it is filled with sovereigns. He likes to feel that he has enough money always handy to take a friendly note to lunch or to buy any little street novelty that may catch his attention. So he keeps in this drawer just £10,000 in gold, and takes it out by handfuls, just as he happens to want it.

## IN THE BOND-STREET OF JAPAN.



According to the Russian comic paper which published this spirited cartoon, the Japanese have just the same class of fortune-tellers as infest London's fashionable thoroughfares. The pretty Japanese girl has asked for news of her lover, and the soothsayer is saying, "Only give me another two yen and he shall take Port Arthur all by himself!"

## A WOMAN OF THE HOUR.

Miss Pauline Astor.

She is quiet, rather nice-looking, sensible, self-willed. Not pretty in the accepted sense, though her hair is beautiful in its wayward profusion, and her deep eyes look into yours with sympathetic intelligence.

Playing hostess to the great world ever since she was fourteen has given her an air of easy distinction, and with it perhaps just a suggestion of being a little tired. But now that she is engaged to be married to the man of her own unaided choice, that suggestion will be noticeable no more.

She will some day be one of the richest women in the world. If you put William Waldorf Astor's wealth at ten millions sterling, you won't overshoot the mark—and it may be even a little more. She and her brother will divide it. Her future husband is a very rich man, too.

She had a sister, but Gwendoline Astor died two years ago to the bitter grief of her father. It was because Pauline was so much interested in the Great Ormond-street Children's Hospital that Mr. Astor made £50,000 over to it as a memorial gift. She does a lot of quiet charity herself, but doesn't like to have it talked about.

It sounds a great thing to be so rich, and to have some of the finest houses in England to live in, but Pauline Astor often looks as if she could do without it very well. She finds that even being a millionaire's daughter has its drawbacks.

## QUESTION AND ANSWER.

What Is the Origin of St. Swithin's Day?

St. Swithin was a Saxon Bishop of Winchester who lived in the ninth century. When he died in 862 he was buried in the churchyard of Winchester Cathedral—not, of course, the glorious Norman church that stands there now.

Then there was a proposal made to dig up his bones and re-bury them in the Cathedral itself. This aroused the greatest indignation and opposition; and a long period of rain having begun on July 15, the day the proposal was made, it was suggested that the Almighty was showing his displeasure by opening the heavens.

It rained in this year, 862, on forty consecutive days after July 15, and gradually the tradition grew up that, if it rained on St. Swithin's Day, forty days of wet weather would follow.

There is, of course, nothing in the tradition at all.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The discoveries which science has already made are as nothing compared to those which it is going to make. The progress of mechanics and of chemistry will open up a new era for labouring men. I can foresee a future in which all men, save for a few hours of not very hard work a day, will be free to lead a happy, moral, intellectual life. —Ernest Renan, French philosopher.

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

The Infanta Eulalie, who is being entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Van Raalte, at their house in Grosvenor-square, is the youngest sister of the late King of Spain. She, like her elder sister, who was married to the mad King of Bavaria, was wedded to a man with whom life proved impossible. Her marriage was annulled four years ago.

When in Madrid the Infanta Eulalie, with the rest of the members of her family, takes part in a rather gruesome rite. They go to worship beside the body of the dead king, and, as it is a law that a monarch cannot be interred until his successor also be dead. Her Royal Highness is the most devout of worshippers at her brother's bier.

The public memory is short, and probably few people connect the Mrs. Parnell, whose serious illness prevents her attending her public examination in bankruptcy, with a cause célèbre of a few years ago. The Mrs. Parnell of to-day was the Mrs. O'Shea, respondent in the divorce suit which Captain O'Shea brought, with the late Charles Stewart Parnell as co-respondent.

She was Katherine Wood, sixth daughter of the Rev. Sir John Page Wood, Bart., and one of her brothers is the distinguished Field-Marshal, Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C. She was a beautiful woman, by whom Parnell, who never previously had known the meaning of love, was infatuated. The divorce suit came on in 1890. Parnell, disgraced and ostracised, married her a few months later, and was in his grave within three months of his wedding-day.

Dr. Barnardo, at the annual festival of whose orphanages at Ilford to-day Princess Henry of Battenberg is to be present, used, when he was a medical student, to run a ragged school in a stable. As far as supplies went, he himself fed his poor, and let them warm their elves at the fire which he kindled on the floor. From that grew the work which has now a world-wide reputation.

Half Irish, half Spanish, Dr. Barnardo unites the enthusiasm and warm-heartedness of the two races. But it is well kept cooler. Although his eyes betray his kindly nature he has a stern, rather forbidding face. Still, he has rescued and reared 50,000 waifs and given the Empire many a promising citizen, redeemed from the flotsam among which he gropes. He buys babies, and they come to him in crates like chickens. No matter, so long as they are destitute, his arms are stretched out to receive them.

Sir Charles Wyndham was just the man to discuss relations between Church and stage, as he did yesterday, for in his later years he has developed quite a passion for preaching. He loves to roll out good advice in his sonorous tones. In almost all his recent parts he has had to play the moralist—not a very stern moralist, it is true, but the good-natured man of the world, who is always trying to reform people by pointing out their follies and their indiscretions.

Oddly enough, though, Sir Charles has never, so far as I can recollect, played a clergyman part. We can many of us remember Sir Henry Irving as Becket and Cardinal Richelieu, Mr. Tree as "the Private Secretary" and later on as an old French abbe, Mr. Alfred Bishop as a dean, Mr. Arthur Bourchier as a bishop, Mr. Herbert Waring as the East End "muscular Christian" in "The Hobby Horse," and so on, but Sir Charles Wyndham, though he has been a physician and a poet, and a lawyer and a soldier, and a novelist and every kind of peer of the realm, has never worn ecclesiastical robes. Still, there is time yet.

## THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

In Manchuria.

American War Correspondent: I wish I were back in New York.

English War Correspondent:—Why?  
American War Correspondent:—I'd be able to learn something about what they're doing here.—"Puck" (American).

No Truth Left.

"Of course," said the husband, who made a speciality of manufacturing excuses, "the truth is bound to leak out some time."

"Yes," rejoined the other half of the matrimonial combine; "and I am inclined to believe that it leaked out of you long ago.—Chicago News" (American).

A New Epithet.

"The climate here is salubrious, isn't it?" inquired the tourist.

"Say, mister," replied the native, "jest write that there word down far me, will yer? I rit tired o' swearin' at this climate in the same ol' way all the time, an' anything new in that line tickles me."—"Catholic Standard and Times" (American).

A Lucky Gift.

Distinguished Tenor: Well, had a good year? Celebrated Bass: Only so-so.

D. T.: I don't wonder. You've been singing out of tune so frequently.

C. B.: I know I have. That's where I envy you.

D. T.: What for? Because I sing in tune?

C. B.: No, because you sing out of tune and never notice it.—"Le Sourire" (French).



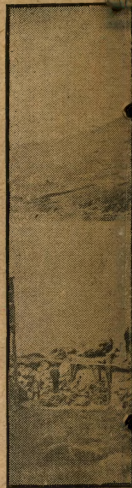
## CUPID AND THE MILLION-HEIRESS.



William Waldorf Astor, whose ten millions sterling make him one of the richest men in the world, has only one daughter, Pauline, whose engagement was announced yesterday.



This is Captain Herbert Spender Clay, of the 2nd Life Guards, the lucky man whom Miss Pauline has chosen from amongst a record host of suitors.



Showing the w Queen Alexandra's Harpoon may be mast is the "c

## A ROYAL PATIENT.



Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, eldest daughter of Prince Christian, and a niece of the King, who has just been operated on for appendicitis.—(Photograph by Lafayette.)

## WHERE KRUGER DIED.



The little village of Clarens, on the shores of Lake Leman, Switzerland, where Mr. Kruger died on Thursday morning.

## YESTERDAY'S BIG RACE.



The start for the Eclipse Stakes, yesterday afternoon, at Sandown Park.

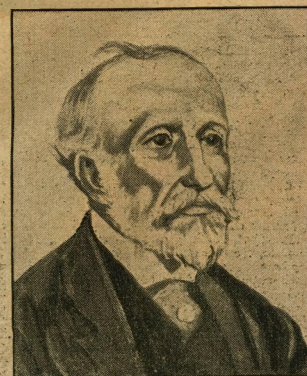
## ACTORS



Mr. C. Aubrey Smith, on the Oscar Asche, at the Oval yesterday in the annual London v. Mat.



Kent v. Yorkshire: J. R. Mason in the act of catching and bowling Lord Hawke, the Yorkshire captain, in the "Tykes" innings on Thursday at Tunbridge Wells.



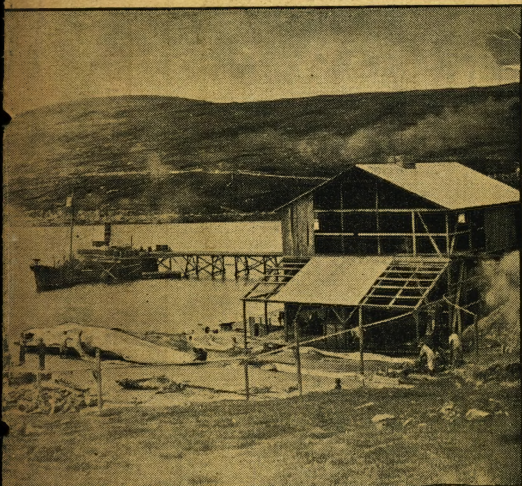
Mark All, 76, has walked 30,000 miles in search of work.—(See page 4.)



Haggerty.



# WHALING OFF THE SHETLANDS.



Whaling station at Callafirth, Shetland, with the whaling steamer and a captured whale lying at the wooden pier. The gun and the row's nest, or look-out, from which exalted position the horizon is scanned for whales.

## T PLAY.



Left of the picture, and Mr. ... yesterday, waiting their turn provincial Actors' Cricket ch.

## GRAND DUKE BORIS.



Has been recalled from Manchuria for wounding General Kuropatkin, who reproached him for bringing a retinue of young ladies to Mukden.



The "Weekly Dispatch" Channel swimmer, about to start a twelve mile swim to Blackpool on Thursday.—(Photograph, Biograph Studio.)

## A ROYAL BOUQUET FROM SLUMLAND.



On the way to the People's Palace Flower Show on Thursday afternoon the Queen called at the rectory of St. George's-in-the-East, where another flower show was in progress. On arrival her Majesty was presented with a bouquet by little Miss Mabel Elsie Corbett, who for a long time amused the Queen with her chatter.—(Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.)

## BLACKPOOL AT LOW TIDE.



The season at Blackpool is now in full swing, and the beach is crowded daily with holiday-makers basking in the sun.



## DRESS AT LAST NIGHT'S CHARITY FETE IN THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.

## GALA GOWNS.

## CONTINENTAL APPEARANCE OF AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

An evening fete at the Botanical Gardens gives English women an opportunity of wearing that most fascinating of all types of attire, the demitoyette, accompanied by something excessively smart in head-gear. Strictly correct evening dress now seems quite to meet the demands of an out-of-door garb at night; the wind ruffles the hair far too much, and the bare arms and shoulders demand coverings that mask the lovely dress.

So the smartest fashionables of society and



A most becoming demitoyette of rose-tinted mousseline black velvet and lace.

Black gowns are always effective when worn with rich lace, and, as in this case, with a touch of vivid green in the feathers of the hat.

the fashionable world who attended last night's fete, which was patronised by the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Connaught, and was held on behalf of the East London Hospital for Children, at Shadwell, wore Continental demitoyette attire, two specimens of which the pictures on this page illustrate. Forecasts are they of the gowns that will be seen on the French sea-board and at the European courts.

The toilette of the first column was one of rose-pink mousseline, with a charming little chemise of fichu coloured lace, caught together by a tressis of black velvet, connected by little bows. Full sleeves, all of ruffles, were worn as far as the elbows, and three long lemon suede gloves met them. A most picturesque hat of black crinoline, with a bunch of huge roses and black feathers completed a very charming whole.

## Elbow Sleeves in High Favour.

The elbow sleeves, which are great favourites now, are usually made with a puff or on bell lining, entirely covered with ruffles, either gathered or finely pleated, as best accords with the general design. The bell-shaped design lends itself extremely well to this mode of development, and it is noticeable that all the sleeves are much fuller in the upper part than they have been of late.

In spite of the fact that the leading Parisiennes, who set the mode in so many details, are clinging to the collarless blouse and the collarless gown, the modistes on this side of the water do not seem to favour the idea. The collar most worn is a most invariably transparent, or has a backing of single chiffon, and for evening fetes is dispersed with altogether.

Accordingly the vogue for necklaces and little fancy throat ornaments is increasing accordingly, and slides worn on velvet are much in request. It takes three or more of these slides to make a set, and some of them accommodate as many as five

rows of ribbon, which prove a boon to girls with long slender throats.

The second toilette sketched was a most effective one, all of black point d'esprit, with an exquisite Venetian lace collar and a point d'esprit hat, plumed with green and white ostrich feathers. A gorgeous display of jewellery was noticed, for, although in the day-time the superfluity that once was modish is no longer seen, at night it is visible in grand array.

A dainty ribbon effect was a brooch of brilliants, with a large pearl in the centre, to which are attached short platinum chains, finished with handsome pear-shaped pearls; a pink pearl drop lends a note of distinction to a diamond pendant suggesting a flower, the design being picked out with pearls.

Distinctive and pretty was a little bow of diamonds, ending in a tassel of pearls and diamonds, hung from a single chain of alternating pearls and diamonds; and decidedly original in design, the sides being different, is a necklace set with diamonds. The left side represents a trail of leaves, and the right one of flowers, the two united in the centre by slender gold chains.

## COOL DISHES.

## LOBSTER SALAD.

Lobsters are best when the weather is hottest, and now is the ideal moment for making this favourite salad.

INGREDIENTS.—One lobster, three hard-boiled eggs, one small beetroot, two inches of cucumber, a bunch of watercress, two lettuce, mustard and cream, mayonnaise sauce.

Cut the flesh of the lobster into convenient sized pieces and eat with a fork. If there is any lobster coral, put it on one side, with the feelers.

Wash the lettuce and cresses carefully; tear them into small pieces, and slice the cucumber and beetroot.

Mix the lobster and salad well together, and arrange them in a salad bowl.

Rub the yolks of the eggs through a sieve, and chop the whites coarsely. Arrange these two in alternate lines across the salad, or in any other pretty design; place the feelers upright in the centre with a pretty feathery piece of endive. Serve the mayonnaise sauce separately.

The lobster coral will be useful to decorate any dish of fish.

## MAYONNAISE SAUCE.

INGREDIENTS.—The yolks of two eggs, quarter of a pint of salad oil, two teaspoonsful of malt vinegar, one teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar, one teaspoonful of chili vinegar, a dash of pepper, quarter of a teaspoonful each of mustard and salt.

Put the yolks, salt, pepper, and mustard in a basin, and mix them well together with a wooden spoon. Then take the salad oil and drop it very slowly on to the yolks, stirring it all the time. Next add the vinegar slowly, still keeping the mixture stirred. The sauce, when done, should be as smooth and thick as cream. If liked, add more vinegar than the quantity here given, and if more convenient use all malt vinegar instead of the three kinds.

## BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

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NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!

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RICHARD BURBIDGE, Managing Director.



## ACTRESS'S BILLETS DOUX.

### Smitten Swain Offers £20 For the Chance of Making Love on the Stage.

At no place does Cupid, as postman, leave more letters than at the theatre stage-door. They come from all kinds of love-sick swains, smitten with the footlight charms of actresses. Callow youths, foolish boys, and simple seniles all contribute; but the most prolific writer of all is the crank, especially the crank who considers himself a very clever person indeed.

Naturally, the leading ladies at the theatres where the light musical pieces are produced are particularly subject to the attentions of the unknown correspondent.

#### Black-Cloaked Romeo.

Miss Edna May, of "Belle of New York" fame, told a *Mirror* representative that her most original communication was an attempt at an introduction under the guise of a knight-errant. It ran:—

Hotel, W.

Dear Miss May,—After the matinee on Saturday a lady will call at my room. Take my advice, and do not receive her. She wishes you no good. There is nothing I would not do for you. If you wish to thank me for this small service, I shall be

outside the theatre. That you may recognise me I shall wear a tall hat and black cloak.—From a Wellwisher.

Miss Marie Studholme, who sings "Kitty in the City" so charmingly in the "Orchid," has a correspondent she has never seen who writes her regularly once a month. This is his last effusion:—

East Croydon.

Dear Miss Studholme,—I must apologise for not having written sooner. I have been looking for my wife for the past twenty years, and found her last night in the chorus of the "Orchid." She didn't recognise me. Have divorced her, so that it doesn't matter. I suppose you don't know a nice girl who would think twice of me. Perhaps you yourself would care to consider this.

Children seem to favour Miss Studholme above all other actresses. She gets, literally, hundreds of letters from them. The following is from an Eton boy:—

Dear Miss Studholme,—I enclose two picture postcards. Will you sign them. I have stamped them to save you the expense. Although I am at Eton I'm not a Cressus. When I get these cards back I shall have fifty-eight photographs of

you, but I shall still go on collecting. I've heard you sing on the stage often, but, oh! if I could only hear you sing in a drawing-room I should die.—Yours

Miss Gerrie Millar, the popular singer of "Little Mary," in the "Orchid," only the other day received this curious epistle from a soldier in India:—

Calcutta.

Dear Miss Millar,—I cannot resist without writing to you to tell you how much I think you are loved. It may seem a strange thing to say, but the I am ready to die four my country, I would much rather die four you. I have seen you act, and think you are the finest actress I have seen. Could you get me a job as an actorist. I would take a small career at first.—Your devoted admirer.

#### Admirer's £20 Deposit.

Confessions of admiration and protestations of undying affection are easy to make. Accompanied by a substantial deposit to show good faith they undoubtedly become convincing. Therefore a letter Miss Olive Morrell received some time ago when playing in "The Country Girl" at Daly's ranks high in the order of genuine merit.

Miss Morrell was playing the part of Marjorie, and it was Mr. Hayden Coffin's enviable duty to make love to her. That his rôle proved attractive to the audience was plainly shown when an admirer in front sent round a letter containing two Bank of England notes for £10. "Would it be possible," he wrote, "for me to get permission to play Mr. Coffin's part for one night? I enclose £20 to show that I am in earnest. I may say, I have had considerable experience as an actor,

and the height of my ambition would be reached if I could play the part I mention for one night. Miss Olive Morrell is so charming that I feel sure I should make love in a thoroughly genuine manner."

## POCKET PRIMA-DONNA.

### Midget with a Mighty Top Note Astonishes Musicians.

Miss Carmen Sylva, aged eight, is a midget vocalist, who appeared at Eolian Hall yesterday. But this tiny little singer, in her little, short frock and "baby" hat, has what is really a wonderful voice for her size, and her upper notes are of tremendous power and brilliancy. If it were not just for a "baby-like" induction her voice at times would seem like a brilliant alto soprano.

In her songs the little girl warbled G's and A's with great ease; the higher she sang the greater power she seemed to have. It was a wonderful exhibition, and specially noticeable for the artistic way in which this pocket prima-donna sang her songs. "Covers," "Swallows," and other pieces, all carefully memorised, showed that the little girl has had some training.

Carmen Sylva, who lives at Clapham, is the daughter of an Italian father and an English mother, both of whom are extremely musical.

Princess Henry of Battenberg will be present this afternoon at the thirty-eighth anniversary of Dr. Barnardo's Village Homes at Barking-side.

## The Premier's Daughter

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

### CHAPTER XXXVIII. You Shall Not Die.

"Wait till John Heron has climbed the ladder before I pull him down: a fall now wouldn't hurt so much; but in a year or two Beatrice Heron shall pay for her father's sin." So Paul Carew had muttered as he stood by the newly-dug grave of his dead sister—unlucky, ill-fated Margaret Chevenix, and he recalled these words of his now that three years and more had passed, wondering if John Heron had helped to fulfil the prophecy.

Paul Carew was tramping back to the kennel, a man just loosed from prison—a dangerous brute man, whose reason had been partly obscured by his wrongs, and who only lived now to see red.

He had been caught in the act of highway robbery a few weeks after Margaret's death. The violence he had displayed at his capture had aggravated his sentence, and for three years he had lived under bolt and bar, a sullen prison bird, disliked and feared by everyone who met his wild and roving eyes.

During the years spent in prison Paul Carew had nourished his hatred of the whole Chevenix family to a point of almost maniacal rage, yet he never included Robert Chevenix in his scheme of vengeance, for he had still some distorted ideas of honour left. The Premier had bought his personal immunity from vengeance at the price of his marriage with Margaret, so could only be touched through affection for others; but how he should suffer through his child—through Beatrice!

Amy, also, was not forgotten in the man's dreams of vengeance. The poor little fluttering butterfly, the child-wife who had denied and betrayed him. She should suffer, ah, not only mentally, but physically. Nothing gave Paul Carew more pleasure than to imagine a week after he made up his mind should come. The day when he would put Amy to open shame, denounce her before Colonel Grimwood, and possibly a whole house full of guests, for the guilty woman was. Claim her as his wife, drag her down to the very dust; fling mud at her shrinking form.

Then, later on, when Amy had fled from the home she had disgraced and the man she had dishonoured, and was speeding along down the darkness of some country lane, how good it would be to spring on her from behind, stun her with a blow, and then drag her into the shelter of some wood. She would recover her senses after a time, and wake with a low shriek. Wake to find herself alone and helpless and in the power of a man who hated her with a fierce and passionate hatred.

She might struggle, and moan, and plead, and Paul Carew used to lick his lips with fierce animal satisfaction as he mapped out the scene, but what would all the victim's struggles avail? Why, nothing—nothing at all.

He would kill her as she lay there bound and helpless. Let out the warm red blood and watch it stream over the white well-nourished flesh, the flesh tended with such care.

Then her slayer would leave her and speed away mocking and laughing, even though her blood cried out from the ground—for had he not the right to take his vengeance in his own hands, the man who had been forgiven by God and unjustly condemned by his fellow-creatures?

Thoughts like these filled Paul Carew's mind as he plodded his slow way across the moor. It was

bitterly cold, one of the bleak January days, when the spirit of the frost is abroad, frost nipping at the toes and chilling the blood.

The man was worn out by the time he reached the kennel.

His fingers were so blue and stiff with the cold that he could hardly knock at the door. But after a time he succeeded in making himself heard. The door was not opened for a moment or two, though he heard signs of life stirring inside the kennel, and the loud, excited barking of his dog.

At last Philip Denzil opened, but such a changed and infirm Philip Denzil that the other started back in amazement. The old man looked as if the hand of death lay heavy on his shoulder, and he could hardly hold up his head.

He gave a faint childish laugh of satisfaction when he saw who stood on the threshold, and rubbed his thin, bony hands together.

"Come in, come in," he cried, "I thought I should die alone, and that Charity—" He did not finish the sentence, but darted a look of apprehension at the cat, who sat erect on the dresser, her green eyes gleaming and sinister.

Paul Carew shuddered; there was something so horrible in the other's fear. This was a dismal homecoming. He could hardly appreciate the comfort of the warm fire and the smell of the food in the stewpot, for as he looked at Denzil he realised that the man was very ill, and he wanted him to live. It was necessary that he should live to perfect his scheme of vengeance.

"Have you been ill?" he asked moodily, making his way to the fire, and conscious of pain in his half-frozen limbs. It was like the man to give no explanation of his sudden appearance or long absence. Philip Denzil crouched back in the elbow-chair and nodded his head weakly.

"I suppose so," he said in feeble tones. "I got wet through one day, coming back from the village. I had to go there to buy provisions—and then—next day I couldn't get up—pains in all my bones—pains in my head—I saw everything in a foggy mist, just as I see things now. It may have been a year ago or a month—how can I say?" and the old man began to nod his head again, a huddled-up bundle of shrunk and crippled wretchedness.

"To live always alone," he went on slowly. "There's the rub! You get scared by shadows, and at night, when I sit by the fire, I can always see a big shadow lurking in the corner, and it gets bigger every evening; yes, every evening." He looked up furtively. "I think it's the shadow of Princetown," he said in a frightened whisper. "Don't you think so too?"

"Get to bed," answered the other man curtly, "and try to forget these foolish fancies. I'll nurse you back to health again—don't be afraid."

"I almost think," replied the old man apologetically, "now you have come back—and Charity

won't be able to tear and scratch me—that I'd rather die; you see, I'm so tired."

"As it happens I want you to live," replied Paul Carew, with a brutal laugh. "I've helped you here; you've eaten my food, you've spent my money; and now—now that I want you to be of some practical use to me, you talk in your rank selfishness of dying." He kicked off his boots suddenly as he spoke, holding out his blue and swollen feet to the fire, and he turned his head and cast a swift and imperious glance at Philip Denzil. "Damn it all," he said fiercely, "you are going to live, do you hear? My will is stronger than yours—live you shall!"

Philip Denzil covered under the other's glance and made haste to get into bed and hide himself under the coverlet. He was afraid—terribly afraid of the man who had addressed him, and he had had nervous, superstitious belief that he could make good his words. In his weak state of health, both in mind and body, he credited Paul Carew with the strength and will of a demi-god, and firmly believed that as the other wished the years of his life prolonged, so indeed they would be. He closed his eyes with this idea firmly printed on his brain, and fell into a deep, untroubled sleep—the first untroubled sleep he had had for months.

Paul Carew's eyes roved restlessly round the kennel whilst the old man slept, till they fell on a rough portfolio made out of two pieces of cardboard and tied roughly together with string. He got up to examine it, pushing the cat away, for the past three years had deepened his heart even to the brute creation, whose cause he had formerly espoused. He opened the portfolio in a spirit of idle curiosity, little guessing what would meet his gaze; but the first sight of the worn and tattered sheets of old newspaper caused a quick, red flush to colour his pale cheeks.

During the last three years Philip Denzil had been collecting the torn slips of newspaper that now met the other's gaze. Some of the paper cuttings were greasy, others stained, showing their original use as wrappings for grocery parcels or meat. But a father's love had kept them tattered papers, and a father's pride had stored them in the impromptu portfolio. For one and all contained some reference to John Heron, only those papers referring to him had been kept. The whole of the young man's upward career lay plainly written out in the cuttings.

"He has climbed the ladder," the man muttered to himself. "He has climbed high enough for a grievous fall." As Paul Carew said the words the old man stirred and moaned in his sleep, and with a little bound Carew reached his side. Was he ill? he wondered anxiously, knowing how much hung on the other's life, and was he really sick unto death?

"My son—my son," so the old man muttered, "dreaming of the boy he had fathered; the son who had climbed so high, and whom he adored with weak, helpless devotion."

Paul Carew's lips curled mockingly. "My son—my son," he repeated with bitter scorn—"Ah, claim him as your son, before the world."

### CHAPTER XXXIX. Danger in the Air.

Beatrice Heron sat in the front row of the Ladies' Gallery, her hands clasped tightly in her lap, her lips pursed together, her whole attitude that of the attentive and impressed listener. Generally she was wont to object to the bars that caged in the ladies and to speak mockingly of the lack of chivalry that these bars implied, but she was beyond thinking of the grille to-night, for her husband was speaking and all her thoughts were bent on him.

Would he succeed by sheer magnificent oratory in saving a Bill that tottered and so save the Government? Beatrice believed he would, and the splendid confidence she gave her husband inspired him as nothing else would.

"I shall not feel nervous if you don't," he had answered her as they drove together to the House, sitting hand in hand in the small brougham, their thoughts dwelling on the scene in front of them.

"I never felt less nervous in my life," Beatrice had answered calmly, "and I have no doubt about the success of your speech. I know you will carry the Bill through, my brain tells me so as well as my heart. You are not the sort of man who fails, John."

Beatrice Heron was right. There was little of the failure about the man who stood up calm and erect, speaking winged words—words that would fly round the globe. John Heron was a strong, powerful speaker, and he spoke from his heart. There was no straining after phrase, or attempt at meteoric brilliancy, no covering weakness of argument with the tinsel of banter, or coining catchwords. His speech was the talk of a man to men—strong, forcible, honest talk—and every word rang true.

It was late when John Heron ended his speech. He had been talking for two hours. When he sat down, to the roar of an excited house, Beatrice leaned back in her chair, feeling strangely worn and spent. So much sympathy existed between herself and the man she loved that she felt her own throat dry, as if she, too, had been speaking and pouring out her soul.

She walked on the terrace—wrapped in her cloak—eager for a breath of cool air, and she was her old, inimitable self.

Her father joined her after a time. The Premier smiled and pressed his daughter's arm—he was as triumphant as she was. Their eyes sought each other's flashing.

"He has done well," said Robert Chevenix. "You may be a proud woman to-night, Trix; it is your right. You chose the man, you stuck to him. I admit the wisdom of your choice." As the Premier spoke he glanced at a little knot of men standing talking. Lord Holford was one of the group. They were all discussing John Heron's great speech, but they were pawns on the chess-board, and John Heron was the player. "If you had married Holford," the Premier went on with a slight shrug of his shoulders, "you would never have had this hour of supreme triumph—you did right, Trix, to trust yourself to John."

Beatrice flushed a warm red, and she clasped her father's hand tightly.

"I shall never be happier than I am to-night," she said quietly. "Though I had rather a shock this afternoon," received a letter from Philip Denzil; he is alive—think what that means."

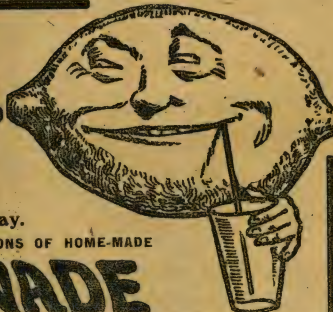
(To be continued on Monday.)

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TO-DAY  
and secure delicious  
cool refreshment for Sunday.

A 4d. BOTTLE MAKES 2 GALLONS OF HOME-MADE

## LEMONADE





# IS FLORENCE MAYBRICK GUILTY?

## How the Tragedy of Shipwrecked Human Lives Began—Love at First Sight—Courtship and Marriage—Romance of an Ocean Voyage.

(Continued from page 1.)

In September, 1889—a month after he had sentenced Mrs. Maybrick to death—Mr. Justice Stephen reviewed the case that had come before him as a Judge, and wrote of this one: "I mention it, not in order to say anything about it, but merely in order to remark that it was the only case in which there could be any doubt about the facts." It ought to be remembered that Sir James Stephen did not express his approval of the verdict.

Dr. Tidy and Dr. Macnamara, two of the expert witnesses who gave evidence in Mrs. Maybrick's behalf, published a toxicological study of the case some time after the trial, and maintained the accuracy of their conclusions.

In 1891 Mr. James G. Blaine, the Secretary of State for the United States, directed Mr. Lincoln, the American Minister in London, to use his "unofficial good offices" with Lord Salisbury on Mrs. Maybrick's behalf—she being an American born. Lord Salisbury referred the request to Mr. Matthews, who refused to review the decision he had already taken.

### PUBLIC AGITATION.

When men of such experience and ability in legal circles and in the world of forensic medicine differed or confessed doubt, it could scarcely be expected that the general public should remain indifferent. Petitions and public meetings were organised on Mrs. Maybrick's behalf, and no doubt had their influence. The agitation for her release has never died down, and now that her sentence is theoretically completed, it promises to take a new and more active form.

Is Florence Maybrick a murderess?

If she be so, substantial justice has been done. To spend the best fifteen years of one's life in lonely imprisonment is a worse punishment than death; and to know that freedom of person does not carry with it relief from shame is as bad as death.

But if Florence Maybrick be innocent, a terrible wrong has been done, and there is an indelible stigma on the administration of British justice. If Florence Maybrick be innocent, no reparation can atone for what she has suffered, no royal pardon can redeem the nation's fault, no tardy recognition can allay the suspicion that will assail one of our most cherished institutions—that by jury.

But is she innocent? Is she guilty?

She has suffered her sentence and will soon be free to appeal to the verdict of public opinion. If she herself should take no steps to assert her innocence, it is at all events certain that in America she will not lack champions. People who are already choosing sides ardently, and the controversy promises to rage as vehemently as it did at the time of the trial. Without a doubt efforts will be made to stir up an agitation here.

In these circumstances it is desirable, and even essential that the true facts of the case should be completely known and rightly interpreted. An opinion that is not based on a correct knowledge of the facts or that is influenced by prejudice has almost as much value as the crackling of thorns under a pot. As Mr. Justice Stephen said to the jury, our duty is the resolution of an intellectual question by intellectual means.

It is worse than useless to believe in Mrs. Maybrick's innocence because she is a woman, because she suffered, because she was beautiful. Well-born, suffering, and beautiful women have often committed crimes as foul and unnatural as that which is alleged against her.

On the other hand, it is worse than useless to believe in her guilt simply because she had broken one of the most vital of the Ten Commandments. Every day that Commandment is lightly broken by women who would shrink with horror from the very thought of taking a fellow-creature's life.

### AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS.

Fifteen years have passed since Florence Maybrick stood up in the dock to hear her doom pronounced. In those years many of her most eager defenders have forgotten all but the outline of her sad story, and those who condemned her might be puzzled to remember the incidents that induced them to think of her as nothing but an adulterous murderess.

A new generation of newspaper readers has grown up, and what it knows of the case that agitated the mind of the whole nation these few years ago is drawn from an occasional and almost casual reference, or from hearsay. Then newspaper enterprise and circulation have increased, reading has become more general, and many men and women who fifteen years ago knew of the Aigburth poisoning mystery only at second hand will now be able to know at first-hand all that is to be said on either side.

For this reason we propose to tell the story of the case from day to day exactly as it happened,

relating all that is known of the lives of the parties concerned, of their domestic circumstances, and of the motives and temptations to which they were subject. As far as is humanly possible, the narrative will be impartial. It will be based principally on the evidence given at the inquest, before the magistrates, and before Mr. Justice Stephen; and, secondly, on circumstances which have come to light since the trial, or which were known before the trial, but not adduced by either side.

It is a story of shipwrecked human lives, of love that the world approved, of love which the world and the law alike condemned, of suspicion and jealousy, of wrath and despair, a story of cloud and storm not utterly unrelieved by nobler sentiments,

### JAMES MAYBRICK.



Mrs. Maybrick's husband, whom she was accused of poisoning with arsenic.—(Sketched from a photograph taken shortly before his death.)

a story where elements are so broadly human that there is not one of us, man or woman, rich or poor, to whom they do not appeal.

### ROMANCE ECLIPSED BY REALISM.

Finally, the story is real. However much we may be absorbed in a tragedy or a romance presented by the pen of the writer of fiction, however acutely we may sympathise with the joys and sorrows of his characters, we can never get away from the fact that the plot has been carefully arranged and that the personages act according to the whim or the need of the author—perhaps exactly as human beings actually would under like conditions, but as often as not unnaturally.

Even the best of romances is but a put-up job.

Here we have romance that really happened: on a steamship, on the racecourse, in a London hotel, in a Liverpool suburb. Thousands of men and women are alive who knew or had seen the leading protagonists. They may not have been defended by Sir Charles Russell and sentenced by Sir James Stephen, but they may have backed Frigate for the Grand National when Mr. and Mrs. Maybrick saw him run, or more probably they may have backed some other horse which lost. It is, indeed, that the existence of this element of romance in real life can be so clearly illustrated as in this case. The plainer, the simpler the narrative, the more closely it confines itself to what actually happened, the deeper is the interest. It is all very well to imagine or to impute motives. Here we are only concerned in the presentation of what actually happened. And many of the incidents might happen to any one of us without disastrous consequences.

The reader will be left to draw his own moral in every instance. He will find so much matter for his own reflection that we will not trouble him with ours. Such comment as must be made on the evidence will be confined to necessary explanation or to the indication of contradictions. The verdict will be left to our readers, and we relate the history of the case in the assured conviction that they will not judge hastily or before they have read both sides.

### MRS. MAYBRICK'S AMBITION.

A great deal too much has been written about Florence Elizabeth Maybrick's highly-placed connections in America. It is true that one of her great uncles, the Hon. John A. Campbell, was a Judge of the Supreme Court, and that another was the author of "The Prince of the House of David," one of the most popular religious novels of the mid-Victorian period, and still readable. Her mother's father was David B. Holbrook, a well-known merchant in New York, who appears to have found some of the money for the laying of the first Atlantic Cable.

Mr. James G. Blaine wrote of her in his dispatch to Mr. Lincoln as being "connected by ties of blood and affinity with many good families of the highest social position in this country"; but Mr. James G. Blaine always had his own heightened way of putting things. He also considered that she was "influenced by the foolish ambition of too many American girls for a foreign marriage, and

descended from her own rank to that of her husband's family," but that again was Mr. Blaine's gentle way of indicating that an American girl is always of the highest possible rank.

Mr. Chandler, Florence Maybrick's father, was a rising barrister, who had attained the dignity of Mayor of Mobile by the year of his death, which was also the year of the outbreak of the American Civil War. It is certain that he was an ardent wooer, for when Miss Holbrook visited her uncle, the clergyman-author, at Mobile, he was carried away by her charms and, following her to New York, married her after a very short acquaintance.

Mrs. Chandler is described as having been a woman of great personal attractions, a good talker, handsome but not pretty, and of a prepossessing demeanour. She was exceedingly popular in such society as Mobile affords, and appears to have kept up no little state.

There were two children of the marriage—Florence, and St. John Holbrook—who died in 1884.

Mr. Chandler died in 1861, and in 1862 his widow married Frank Du Barry, a captain, and afterwards a Major on General Beauregard's staff, and chief of his Ordnance. He was a great grandson, on his mother's side, of Benjamin Franklin, and on his father's of the Comte du Barry, who accompanied Joseph Buonaparte to America. At the siege of Charleston he was seriously wounded, and the Confederate Government, hoping that a sea voyage would restore his health, sent him as its accredited agent to Paris. He died on the voyage.

His widow then brought the children to Europe. They received some sort of an education in various French and German towns, but Florence, at least, cannot be truthfully described as a highly-educated woman.

In 1869 Mrs. Chandler married Baron von Roques, who is sometimes described as Baron de Roques. Ten years later her estates in New York City were attached by a German banker named Rosenthal on notes that had been signed by an Roques. The claim was contested, and the Baroness went to America with her two children, and successfully contested the claim.

### COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

On the return voyage in 1880, Florence met James Maybrick, a cotton broker, whose business compelled him to travel frequently across the Atlantic, and to spend a great deal of his time in America, where he laid the foundation of the drug habit, which certainly afterwards assisted, if it did not directly cause, his death. At this time she was a pretty, and it would seem rather a brilliant, girl, probably quite aware of the fact, as all American girls are, that she had her own way to make in the world. Mr. Maybrick injured his ankle by falling on the deck of the steamer, and Florence took such an interest in the sufferer that she was spoken of on the ship as Mr. Maybrick's nurse. It was evident that a strong attachment had grown up between the pair, but they were not married immediately, as the Baroness von Roques took her family to Paris.

Here we may notice a singular and rather sad coincidence. Florence Chandler nursed the man who was to be her husband almost at the beginning of their acquaintance. Not till eight years later did she nurse him again, and then he was on his death-bed. Immediately afterwards she was arrested for having compassed his murder.

The acquaintance that began "all in the vacant summer days and on the idle summer sea" was to end in black and as yet unfinished tragedy.

The marriage took place in July, 1881, in St. James's Church, Piccadilly.

James Maybrick, whose age was given as forty-two, was described as the son of the parish clerk of St. Peter's Church, Liverpool, now the cathedral, so that he must have been something of a self-made man. There is something that requires explanation in the entry of Florence Maybrick's age, which is stated to be eighteen. Now, if Florence were eighteen in 1881, she must have been born in 1863; and if that were the case, she must have been born after her father's death, and also after her mother's marriage with Major du Barry, which took place in 1862.

The probability, therefore, is that she was at least twenty at the date of her wedding, and the entry is no more significant than such miseries usually are.

(To be continued on Monday.)

### MODERN ABRAHAM.

Father Sacrifices His Son on the Suggestion of a Dream.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.

In the small Russian town of Baku a man named Ivan Asslamosow has murdered his son in response to a dream hallucination.

Asslamosow suffered from a severe illness, and one night he had a dream in which John the Baptist appeared, and was promised full recovery if he would sacrifice his yet unborn son. Asslamosow took the oath, and his health improved so rapidly that in a short space of time he completely recovered.

He had nearly recovered when he felt that he must keep his word, so he took the newly-born child to the church, and after Mass cut its throat. He then hurried off to inform all his acquaintances. Asslamosow is now in a lunatic asylum.



TO H.M. THE KING.

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## Daily Bargains.

**NOTICE.**—When replying to advertisements addressed to the "Daily Mirror" Office no remittance should be enclosed in the first instance.

## Dress.

**A BARGAIN—UNDERLINEN.** 9s. parcel—8. Ladies' chemises, knickers, petticoats; 3 beautiful night-dresses, 10s. 6d.; approval—Mrs. Scott, 251, Uxbridge-rd. Shepherd's Bush.

**A BARGAIN—Underclothing.** 10s. 6d. parcel, 3 chemises, 3 knickers, 2 petticoats, 3 handsome night-dresses, 10s. 6d.—E. B. 29, Uxbridge-rd., Chiswick.

**A BEAUTIFUL SKIRT.** absolutely tailor-made; price 6s. 6d.; suitable for holiday wear; patterns free—Rowling, Bedford.

**A VARIETY** of samples of genuine Irish goods—summer dress fabrics for blouses and costumes, sheetings, towels, tablecloths, handkerchiefs—all linen goods, free—Hutton's, Room 31, Larne, Ireland.

**BABY'S** Long Clothes, complete set, 50 articles, very choice, unused; 21s.; approval—Mrs. Max, The Chase, Nottingham.

**"BEATALL"** Bargains—Parochia white Cambric Remnants; also Fancy 1; only 1s. 3d.—"Beatall," Rushden.

**BLOUSES, BLOUSES, BLOUSES.**—2,000 to be cleared at half-price; clearance of our summer fabrics; sent post-card immediately for particulars; special new, this opportunity—Wynne Bros., 15a, Bridgegate-rd., London.

**BLOUSES,** choice Jap silk, 4s.; Holland Skirts, 4s.; first 50 letters open, money returned—Write, stating size, "Zepler," c/o Quarrat, 11, Kings, E.C.

**BLOUSES** made promptly; ladies' materials; from 2s.; excellent cut, fit—Course, Blouse Specialist, Rushden.

**BONNETS** Corsets; full support without steel; lightest weight ever produced; special new, this opportunity for list—Corset and Clothing Co., Mansfield-rd., Nottingham. "Mansfield," Mirror.

**CINGALESE LAWN COMPANY** will be glad to have your address to send you free sample of their Cingalese Lawn—62, Aldermanbury, E.C.

**COSTUME** (tailor-made)—A Parisian Ladies' Tailor, having started business in London, in order to acquire good connections, is willing to make a few costumes in measure in any design for the sum of 27s. 6d., material and everything included—Write Elegance, at Shelley's, Gracechurch-st., E.C.

**COURT** Dressmaker; highly recommended; French experience; perfect style, fit; exquisite work; prices exceptionally advantageous; modes—Write 1464, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-st., E.C.

**FOR** the purpose of advertising the marvelous value of our 36s. Suits and Overcoats we will send you patterns and make you a suit or overcoat gratis without charging you one shilling; town or country; all we ask—introduce us to your friends; send stamped address and envelope to-day, and you are sure to be in time; no money required—A. E. and W. Herald, 140, Fleet-st., London.

**GENTLE'S** SUIT to measure, 36s.; Ladies' Tailor-made Costumes to measure, 52s. 6d.; payments by instalments if desired—City Tailors, 20, Prince Wales-rd., Norwich.

**IMPORTANT TO LADIES.**—Wonderful Bargains—Great Clearing Sale.—To dress well at small cost buy direct from the manufacturer—The Carlton Mills Co., manufacturers of high-class dress fabrics, offer for 10 days only season's novelties, Voiles, Etamines, Crepones, and many other fashionable makes, at greatly reduced prices; write for patterns, free—Address CARLTON MILLS CO., (K. DUFF), BLADFORD.

**IMPORTANT TO LADIES.**—Wonderful Bargains; special sale of Costumes, Dresses, Blouses, etc., for country and seaside—Belgrave Dress Agency (1st Floor), 42, Elizabeth-st., Eaton-sq.

**IRISH** Linens and Summer Dress Fabrics direct from Ireland; samples of pretty things for blouses and costumes and patterns of linen goods free—Hutton's, Room 31, Larne, Ireland.

**MRS. DONHUE,** 8, Bedford-place; Ladies' and Gentlemen's day and evening Gowns; excellent condition; cheap; Saturday and Monday only.

**NEW** SEALSKIN JACKET, very elegant; latest fashion; able saque shape, with velvet front, richly lined; suit medium figure; cash wanted; sacrifice 25 15s.; worth 250; approval—Marjorie, 29, Holland-st., E.W.

**OSTRICH** Feather Boas, 6s. 9d. each; worth 27s. 6d.; manufacturer's bankruptcy stock; colours: black and white, natural, fashionable French grey; unsurpassed value; approval—Emmanuel, Bankruptcy Association, 31, Chancery-lane.

**PETTICOATS,** Corsets, Costumes, Blouses, fashionable dresses; parcels purchased—35, Lorn-rd., Brighton.

**UP-TO-DATE** Dress Agency, 76, Brompton-rd. (opposite Harold's Store); smart Costumes, Hats, Blouses.

**350 BOYS' SAILOR SUITS;** serge 1s. 9d., velvet 3s. 8d.; serge Norfolk, 2s. 6d., 4s. 5d.; Kensington, 4s. 9d., 6s. 9d.; carriage 6s. 9d.; extra variety of other clothing—Greenhill, 26, Noble-st., London, E.C.

**400 MEN'S SUMMER ALPACA JACKETS** 2s. 6d., 3s. 11d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 11d., 6s. 4d., 7s. 11d., 8s. 4d., 9s. 11d., 10s. 4d., 11s. 11d., 12s. 4d., 13s. 11d., 14s. 4d., 15s. 11d., 16s. 4d., 17s. 11d., 18s. 4d., 19s. 11d., 20s. 4d., 21s. 11d., 22s. 4d., 23s. 11d., 24s. 4d., 25s. 11d., 26s. 4d., 27s. 11d., 28s. 4d., 29s. 11d., 30s. 4d., 31s. 11d., 32s. 4d., 33s. 11d., 34s. 4d., 35s. 11d., 36s. 4d., 37s. 11d., 38s. 4d., 39s. 11d., 40s. 4d., 41s. 11d., 42s. 4d., 43s. 11d., 44s. 4d., 45s. 11d., 46s. 4d., 47s. 11d., 48s. 4d., 49s. 11d., 50s. 4d., 51s. 11d., 52s. 4d., 53s. 11d., 54s. 4d., 55s. 11d., 56s. 4d., 57s. 11d., 58s. 4d., 59s. 11d., 60s. 4d., 61s. 11d., 62s. 4d., 63s. 11d., 64s. 4d., 65s. 11d., 66s. 4d., 67s. 11d., 68s. 4d., 69s. 11d., 70s. 4d., 71s. 11d., 72s. 4d., 73s. 11d., 74s. 4d., 75s. 11d., 76s. 4d., 77s. 11d., 78s. 4d., 79s. 11d., 80s. 4d., 81s. 11d., 82s. 4d., 83s. 11d., 84s. 4d., 85s. 11d., 86s. 4d., 87s. 11d., 88s. 4d., 89s. 11d., 90s. 4d., 91s. 11d., 92s. 4d., 93s. 11d., 94s. 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878s. 4d., 879s. 11d., 880s. 4d., 881s. 11d., 882s. 4d., 883s. 11d., 884s. 4d., 885s. 11d., 886s. 4d., 887s. 11d., 888s. 4d., 889s. 11d., 890s. 4d., 891s. 11d., 892s. 4d., 893s. 11d., 894s. 4d., 895s. 11d., 896s. 4d., 897s. 11d., 898s. 4d., 899s. 11d., 900s. 4d., 901s. 11d., 902s. 4d., 903s. 11d., 904s. 4d., 905s. 11d., 906s. 4d., 907s. 11d., 908s. 4d., 909s. 11d., 910s. 4d., 911s. 11d., 912s. 4d., 913s. 11d., 914s. 4d., 915s. 11d., 916s. 4d., 917s. 11d., 918s. 4d., 919s. 11d., 920s. 4d., 921s. 11d., 922s. 4d., 923s. 11d., 924s. 4d., 925s. 11d., 926s. 4d., 927s. 11d., 928s. 4d., 929s. 11d., 930s. 4d., 931s. 11d., 932s. 4d., 933s. 11d., 934s. 4d., 935s. 11d., 936s. 4d., 937s. 11d., 938s. 4d., 939s. 11d., 940s. 4d., 941s. 11d., 942s. 4d., 943s. 11d., 944s. 4d., 945s. 11d., 946s. 4d., 947s. 11d., 948s. 4d., 949s. 11



4.30	—MOTHERWELL PLATE of 100 sovs. One, nine and three furlongs.				
	yrs	at lb		yrs	at lb
Syme .....	4	9 7	Boddikins .....	4	8 11
a Bryn Bras .....	5	9 6	Royal Palm .....	3	7 13
Veridian .....	6	9 6	Thor .....	3	7 13
Magnolia II .....	4	8 0	Madomi .....	3	7 10







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INDICATE

HOW THE FAME OF THIS HISTORIC  
TAVERN AND EATING HOUSE  
WAS ESTABLISHED AND HAS BEEN  
MAINTAINED.

## THE BEST

**JOHN SIMPSON'S** announcement on October 11th, 1848  
(55 years ago), was as follows:—

John Simpson's Grand Restauratum, adjoining the Divan opposite Exeter Hall, Strand. To those who like good living, choice wines, and fine cigars, blended with economy, John Simpson, whose exertions to merit the approbation of his friends and the public are so well-known and appreciated, begs to announce that he will open the above-named premises This Day (Wednesday, Oct. 11) with a view to entertain his customers in a manner not to be surpassed in London, upon terms of unequalled moderation. The establishment consists of a large saloon, coffee room communicating with the Divan, and private rooms for parties, the whole decorated and embellished in a superb manner. The culinary arrangements are formed under the express suggestions and plans of M. Soyer, of the Reform Club. John Simpson begs to assure his patrons that the gastronomical department will comprise every delicacy of the season, and the qualities of the wines and spirits will be unsurpassable.

On the Re-opening of Simpson's the same professions  
are repeated.

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The Cellars contain

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Well-known  
**EXTRA SUPERIOR**  
**DRY CHAMPAGNE.**

The Celebrated **THREE STAR**  
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